THE
SPORTING MAGAZINE.

VOL. XXXVII. FEBRUARY, 1811. No. CCXXI.

PEDIGREE AND PERFORMANCES
Of that speedy Horse,
STAVELEY,
The Property of Mr. Henry Chadburn, of Blyth, Nottinghamshire,
(Of which a Portrait is here given, engraved by Mr. Scott, from a Painting by Mr. Clifton Tomson.)

STAVELEY was bred by Mr. William Fletcher, of Boroughbridge, Yorkshire, and sold, when three years old, to H. F. Mellish, Esq. for 2000 guineas.

PEDIGREE.

Staveley is a good bay, fifteen hands three inches high, and was got by that speedy stallion *Shuttle*; his dam, (dam of Harefoot, Esther, Miss Staveley, &c.) by Drone; grand dam, (Trimbush's dam) by Match'em; great grand dam, Mr. Cornforth's Jocasta, by his Forester, (Sire of Grecian and Grecian Princess); great great grand dam, Milksop, (own Sister to Young Cade) by Cade, out of Miss Partner, (Madam and Torismond's dam; also Alcides' grand dam) by Partner, Makeless, Brimmer, Mr. Place's White Turk, Dodsworth, out of the Layton Violet Barb Mare.

PERFORMANCES.

At Catterick-Bridge, April 17, 1805, *Staveley* won the Produce Stakes of 25gs. each, h. ft. (8 Subscribers) two miles, beating Barouche, by Overton; and Yorkshire, by Sir Peter:—Even betting on Staveley, who won very easy. At York Spring Meeting, he won a Sweepstakes of 20gs. each, (6 Subscribers) 8st. each, the last mile and half, beating Caleb Quot'em, by Sir Peter; Drum-Major, (afterwards Grimaldi) by Delpini; and True-Briton, by St. George:—6 and 7 to 4 on Staveley, who won easy. Early in September, *Staveley* was sold to Mr. Mellish; and at Doncaster, Sept. 24, he won the St. Leger Stakes of 25gs. each, (27 Subscribers), 8st. 2lb. each, the St. Leger Course, beating Caleb Quot'em, Sir Paul, Sir Launcelot, Langton, Hippomenes, Cleveland, Don Felix, Trafalgar, and Young Roscius:—Cleveland the favourite, and 5 to 1 against Staveley, who passed his antagonists (owing to his superior speed) nearly opposite to the Grand Stand, and won cleverly by about a length.

At Newmarket Craven Meeting, 1806, *Staveley*, (rising four years old) 8st. 7lb. was beat by Brainworm, (rising five) 7st. 12lb. Ab. M.—This was a very severe race, and won with much difficulty. On Monday, in the First Spring Meeting, at 8st. he received forfeit from Moustache, 7st. Ditch-in, 200gs. On Thursday, at 8st. 5lb. he beat easy Cardinal Beaufort, (a winner of the Derby) by Gohanna, 8st. Ab. M. 500gs:—5 and 6 to 4 on Cardinal Beaufort. On Wednesday, in the Second Spring Meeting, *Staveley*, 7st. 2lb. won the Jockey-Club Plate, B. C. beating Barbarossa, 4 years old, 7st. 2lb.; Parasol, 6 years old, 8st. 9lb.; Plantagenet, 4 years old, 7st. 2lb.;

D d and

and Stretch, 6 years old, 8st. 9lb.: 6 and 7 to 4 on Parasol, and 4 to 1 against Staveley. On Thursday, at 8st. he received 400gs. compromise from Cardinal Beaufort, 7st. 7lb. Two-year-Olds' Course, 500gs.—And in the First October Meeting, at 8st. 2lb. he received forfeit from Plantagenet, 8st. Ditch-in, 200gs. h. ft.

At Newmarket Craven Meeting, 1807, *Staveley*, (rising five) beat easy Pavilion, (rising six) 8st. 4lb. each, B. C. 500gs:—6 to 5 on Staveley. In the First Spring Meeting, at 8st. 7lb. he won a Sweepstakes of 100gs. each, Ab. M. beating Wormwood, by Young Woodpecker, 8st. 9lb.; and Pagoda, by Sir Peter, 7st. 5lb.—5 to 4 against Wormwood, and 6 to 4 against Staveley, who won cleverly. At Bibury, at 12st. he received forfeit from Mr. Howorth's Langton, 11st. 1lb. three miles, 200gs. h. ft. —And at Doncaster, he received forfeit from Lord Darlington's Trafalgar, 8st. 3lb. each, four miles, 500gs. h. ft.

Staveley had uncommon speed, and was the best horse of his year. He is now a stallion at Blyth, where he has covered the last three Seasons, at five guineas and a crown; and it can be said, with propriety, that his stock is as promising and boney, as that of any stallion in the kingdom.

THE PEASANT BOY.

ON Thursday, January 31, a new Operatic Drama, in three acts, intitled *The Peasant Boy*, the production of Mr. Dimond, was performed at the Lyceum Theatre. The principal characters were thus represented:—

Julian (the Peasant Boy)	Miss Kelly.
Duke Alberti - - -	Mr. Holland.
Baron Montaldi - -	Mr. Raymond.
Hyppolito - - - -	Mr. Philipps.
Ambrose - - - -	Mr. Smith.
Ludovico - - - -	Mr. Lovegrove.
Leonora - - - - -	Mrs. Powell.
Olympia - - - -	Miss Duncan.
Rosalie - - - - -	Miss Poole.
Marinetta - - - -	Mrs. Bland.

Scene—In the Venetian Friuli, at the foot of the Alps.

Time—Sun-rise, until the noon of the succeeding day.

The plot principally hinges upon the adventures of *Montaldi*, a Venetian gambler, of desperate fame and fortune, who, to retrieve himself, plunges headlong into a wild career of the most criminal enterprises—One of these is the murder of his kinsman, *Duke Alberti*; in which, however, he fails. From an unlucky circumstance, *Julian*, the peasant boy, is suspected of having made the attempt; and the seeming impossibility of his extrication, and its final unlooked-for accomplishment, furnish the interest of the *denouement*.

Productions of this description cannot with propriety be judged by the rigid rules of dramatic criticism, but should rather be *compared* with *individuals* of the same *species*, which have preceded them—and, in that point of view, *The Peasant Boy* may be justly considered as holding a pre-eminent rank. The language, like all that we have been accustomed to see from the pen of Mr. Dimond, is truly elegant, in many instances soaring almost into the regions of poetry.—Many of the similes are exceedingly beautiful, and exhibit the correct classical taste of the author in a most favourable light. The principal incidents are deeply interesting, and are perfectly adapted to produce a fine stage effect.—This was particularly exemplified in the apprehension of *Julian*, and in the prison and trial scenes—the latter

is

is calculated to excite the most powerful feelings of the human breast.

There are several happy turns of light raillery and repartee between Hyppolito and Olympia, but for these we shall not be able to find room, and must therefore content ourselves with giving the pathetic part just alluded to, viz. the Trial of Julian.

EXTRACT.

Guards enter conducting Julian.—All the Characters follow, and a Crowd of Vassals.—Alberti advances to the Judgment Seat.

Alb.—My people! the cause of your present assemblage too well is known to you—You come to witness the dispensations of an awful but impartial justice—either to rejoice in the acquittal of innocence wrongfully accused, or to approve the conviction of guilt, arrested in its foul career.—Personal feelings forbid me to assume this seat myself; yet fear not, but that it will be filled by nobleness and honour—to Montaldi only I resign it.

Jul.—*He* my judge! then I am lost indeed. [*aside.*]

Alb.—Ascend the seat, my friend, and decide from it as your own virtuous conscience shall direct—this only will I say, should the scales of accusation and defence poise doubtfully, let mercy touch them with her downy hand, and turn the balance on the gentler side.

Mont.—[*Ascending the seat.*]—Your will and honour, are my only governors! [*bows.*]

Ros.—Oh! my poor Julian!—[*aside.*]

Duch.—Surely his looks are not those of vice!

Mont.—Julian! stand forth!—You are charged with a most foul and horrible attempt upon the life of my noble kinsman—the implements of murder have been found in your possession, and many powerful circumstances combine to fix the guilt upon you.—What have you to urge in vindication?

Jul.—First, I swear by that Power, whom vice dreads and virtue reverences, that no syllable but strictest truth shall pass my lips!—On the evening of yesterday, I crossed the Mountain to the Monastery of St. Bertrand—my errand thither finished, I returned directly to the valley.—Rosalie saw me enter the cottage—soon afterwards, a strange outcry recalled me to the door—a mantle spread before the threshold caught my eye.—I raised it, and discovered a mask within it. The mantle was newly stained with blood!—Consternation seized upon my soul—the next minute I was surrounded by guards, and accused of *murder*.—They produced a weapon I had lost in defending myself against a ferocious animal. Confounded by terror and surprise, I had not power to explain the truth, and loaded with chains and reproaches, I was dragged to the dungeons of the castle.—Here my knowledge of the dark transaction ends—and I have only this to add—I may become the *victim of circumstance*, but I have never been the *slave of crime!*

Mont.—[*Smiling ironically.*]—Plausibly urged—have you no more to offer?

Jul.—Truth needs but few words—I have spoken!

Mont.—Yet bethink yourself—dare you abide by this wild tale, and brave a sentence on no stronger plea?

Jul.—Alas! I have none else to offer.

Mont.—You say, on the evening of

of yesterday, you visited the Monastery of St. Bertrand. What was your business there?

Jul.—With Father Nicolo—to engage him to marry Rosalie and myself on the following morning.

Mont.—A marriage too!—Well!—at what time did you quit the Monastery?

Jul.—The bell for vesper-service had just ceased to toll.

Mont.—By what path did you return to the valley?

Jul.—Across the mountain.

Mont.—Did you not pass through the wood of olives, where the dark deed was attempted?

Jul.—[*Recollecting.*]—The wood of olives?

Mont.—Ha!—mark!—he hesitates—speak!

Jul.—No! my soul scorns to utter falsehood—I did pass through the wood of olives.

Mont.——Indeed!——Rosalie, daughter to the peasant Vincent, you saw this Julian when first he reached the valley, did his looks betray embarrasment?

Ros.—No—his spirits appeared composed—but he was heated and out of breath from running—

Mont.—Aye! the pursuit was close behind.—Stefano! You seized the prisoner.

Stef.—I did.—The bloody weapon bore his name—the mask and mantle were in his hands—confusion in his countenance, and every limb shaking with alarm.

Mont.—Enough! Heavens! that villainy so monstrous should inhabit with such tender youth!—I fain would doubt, and in despite of reason, hesitate to give my sentence, but conviction glares from every point, and incredulity would now be madness. Not to descant on the absurdity of your defence, a tale too wild for romance itself to sanction, I find from your admission, a damning chain of circumstance that confirms your criminality.—The time at which you passed the wood, and the hour of the duke's attack, precisely correspond.—Your attachment to Rosalie presents the motive of your offence, burning with impatient love, knowing vanity to sway the soul of woman, and trusting to win its influence by the bribes of luxury, you sought to rush on fortune by the readiest path, and snatch from the unwary traveller that sudden wealth which honest labour could only by slow degrees obtain.—Defeated in the dark attempt you fled—pursuit was instant—your steps were traced—and at the very door of your cottage, you were seized before the evidences of your guilt could be secreted.—Oh! wretched youth, once more I warn you to confess,—Sincerity can be your only claim to mercy.

Jul.—My heart will burst—but I have spoken truth—yes—heaven knows that I have spoken truth!

Mont.—Then I must execute my duty.—*Death* is my sentence.

Jul.—Hold!—Pronounce it not as yet!

Mont.—If you have any further evidence, produce it.

Jul.—[*with despairing energy.*] I call on Ludovico!*

Ludovico steps forward with alacrity.—Montaldi recoils with visible trepidation.

Lud.—I am here!

Mont.—And what can *he* unfold?—only repeat that which we already know—I will not hear him—the evidence is perfect—

Albi.—[*rising with warmth.*]—

* Ludovico had previously advised Julian to call on him as evidence in his favour, should all other proof of his innocence fail.

Hold!

Hold! — Montaldi! — Ludovico must be heard—to the ear of justice, the lightest syllable of proof is precious.

Mont.—[*confused.*]—I stand rebuked—well — Ludovico, depose your evidence!

Lud.—Mine was the fortunate arm, appointed by heaven to rescue the duke—I fought with the assassin and drove him beyond the trees into the open lawn—I there distinctly marked his figure, and from the difference in the height alone, I solemnly aver Julian cannot be the person.

Mont.—This is no proof—the eye might easily be deceived—I cannot withold my sentence longer.

Lud.—I have further matter to advance.—Just before the ruffian fled, he received a wound across his right hand—the moonlight directed my blow, and shewed me that the cut was deep and dangerous.—Julian's fingers bear no such mark!

Mont.—[*Evincing great emotion, involuntarily drawing the glove closer on his hand.*] A wound—mere fable.

Lud.—Nay more — the same blow struck from off one of the assassin's fingers a *jewel*—it glittered as it fell—I snatched it from the grass—I thrust it within my bosom, and have ever since preserved it next my heart—I now produce it —'tis here—a *ring*—an *amethyst* set with *brilliants!*

Duch.—[*Rising hastily.*] What say you? An amethyst set with brilliants! Even such I gave Montaldi. Let me view it!—[*As Ludovico advances to present the ring to the Duchess, Montaldi rushes with frantic impetuosity between, and attempts to seize it.*]

Mont.—Slave! resign the ring!

Lud.—I will yield my life sooner!

Mont.—Wretch! I will rend thy frame to atoms!

[*They struggle with violence. Montaldi snatches at the ring—Ludovico catches his hand and tears off the glove—The wound appears.*]

Lud.—Oh! God! Murder is unmasked — the bloody mark is here! Montaldi is the assassin!—[*All rush forward in astonishment. Julian drops upon his knee in mute thanksgiving.*]

Mont. —— Shame! Madness! Hell!

Alb.—Eternal Providence! Montaldi a murderer!

Duch.—Monster of ingratitude!

Mont.—Aye! rage, accuse, and curse! Ideots! dupes! I heed you not. I can but die! Triumph not, Alberti—I trample on thee still! [*Draws a poignard and attempts to destroy himself—the weapon is wrested from his hand by the guards.*]

Alb.—Fiend! thy power to sin is past.

Mont.—[*Delirious with passion.*] Ha! ha! ha! my brain scorches, and my veins run with fire! Disgraced, dishonoured! Oh! madness! I cannot bear it—Save me—Oh! [*Falls insensible into the arms of attendants.*]

Alb. — Wretched man! Bear him to his chamber—his punishment be hereafter.—[*Montaldi is carried off.*]

Jul.—Oh! Rosalie—my joy is too full for words!—[*Julian and Rosalie rush into each others' arms.*]

Amb.—My noble boy!

Vin.—Rosalie shall reward him.

Alb.—Children of virtue! your happiness shall be my future care. Let this day, through each returning year, become a festival, on my domain. Heaven, fraught with peculiar favour, has marked it for its own, and taught us, by the simple moral of this hour, that howsoever in darkness guilt may veil its malefactions from the eye of man, an

Om-

Omniscient Judge will penetrate each hidden sin, and still, with never-failing justice, confound the vicious and protect the good!

BLUE BEARD REVIVED, WITH FEATS OF HORSEMANSHIP.

On Monday night, the 18th inst. the celebrated dramatic romance, entitled *Blue Beard*, was brought out at Covent Garden Theatre.—Our readers will recollect that several years ago, this entertainment was exhibited with extraordinary magnificence at Drury-lane Theatre. There is very little difference between that exhibition and the present, except that here, the audience are treated with a battle, in which a troop of Turkish cavalry, mounted on real horses, make their appearance on the stage. The horses, as well as their riders, are completely versed in all the warlike movements; and some of the horses actually fall down, and pretend to die, upon the stage.

On account of the novelty and adroitness of the horses and their riders, the house was crowded on the first night's exhibition, and has been every evening since.

DISPUTES
BETWEEN GENTLEMEN,
On Points of Honour, &c. &c.

COURT-MARTIAL.

Horse Guards, Feb. 11, 1811.

MY LORD—Having had the honour to lay before his Royal Highness the Prince Regent, the proceedings of a general Court Martial, held at the Castle Inn, Brighthelmstone, on the 2d of October, 1810, and subsequent days, for the trial of Captain John Ellman, of the Centre Sussex Local Militia, who was arraigned upon the under-mentioned charges; viz.

First, For disobedience of orders of his Grace the Duke of Norfolk, as Lord Lieutenant of the county of Sussex, in not repairing to the head-quarters of his regiment on the 17th of September, 1810, agreeably to the public notice advertised on the 3d of September, by order of the Lord Lieutenant, in the public county papers.

" *Second*, For disobedience of orders in refusing to join his regiment on the 17th September, 1810, as expressly directed to him so to do by Lieutenant-Colonel Graham, as Commandant of the said regiment, by a letter under date of September 7, 1810, to that purport, and acknowledged by him to have been received, being breaches of the articles of war."

Upon which charges the Court came to the following decision:—

" The Court, after maturely weighing the evidence given in support of the charges preferred against the prisoner, Captain Ellman, by Lieutenant-Colonel Graham, together with what the prisoner has adduced in his own defence, have found him *guilty* on both the charges, and do sentence him to be cashiered, and rendered incapable of serving his Majesty again as a Commissioned Officer.

" From the charges having been so completely proved, and the minds of the members of the Court so forcibly impressed by the anxious, though unavailing exertions of Lieutenant-Colonel Graham, to call the prisoner to a sense of his duty, they have found themselves imperiously called upon to pass the above sentence.

" At the same time taking into con-

consideration the previous character of the prisoner, together with his youth and little experience in the rules of military discipline, and it having appeared, both from the evidence and various concurring circumstances, that he has acted under the influence of persons who might have been supposed capable of giving him better advice, and who appear, unfortunately, rather to have been actuated by the dictates of private feelings, than by the more imperious calls of public duty—the Court hope they do not exceed the bounds of their duty, in presuming to recommend the prisoner's case to his Majesty's most gracious consideration, that should his Majesty be pleased, at a future period, to remit any part of the sentence, the Court indulge a hope, that the lesson which has hereby been afforded him, will stamp upon his recollection, that in any military situation his first and paramount duty is obedience."

I am to acquaint your Lordship, that his Royal Highness the Prince Regent, in the name and on the behalf of his Majesty, was pleased to approve and confirm the whole of the finding, and so much of the sentence of the Court, as adjudges the prisoner, Captain Ellman, to be *dismissed from the Centre Sussex Local Militia.*

Your Lordship will, therefore, acquaint me with the day upon which the sentence is made known to the prisoner, as from that day he will cease to receive pay in his Majesty's service. I have, &c.

(Signed) DAVID DUNDAS.

Lieutenant-General Lord Chas. Somerset, or Officer commanding in the Sussex District.

In passing our observations upon the nature and tendency of this military *faux pas*, we feel happy that we are not compelled to be recounting another of those miserable broils and feuds, which have recently occurred but too frequently; and this felicity of feeling doth not arise altogether from a knowledge that so many wrangling or wrong-headed individuals are exempt from the perils of duelling, or (what should be more keenly felt by a man of nice honour) the perils of authoritative disgrace; but from a conviction that whenever the reputation of a military man is publicly stained, that the glory, and efficiency, and discipline of the British army must, in a greater or lesser degree, suffer; and, in proportion as the reputation of the army may be wounded, will the security of the empire be diminished.

It might be supposed, that the dread of official reprehension would operate sufficiently to deter a thinking man from the commission of an offence that was hostile to his own personal character, as well as to the letter and spirit of the articles of war, as the painful workings of thought, which are always consequent to deeds of serious impropriety, cannot be cast off from our system, though the inflictions of trouble, that may arise from the immediate pressure of the penalty, may; and the reason is obvious, because the result of the forfeiture of another person's esteem may be doubted, as to its justice, or its true application, upon the score of prejudice; but the forfeiture of our own esteem is not to be sweetened by any expedient whatever, and we can only gradually recover our mental happiness, in such a case, in proportion as we are repentant, and make our actions obedient to the suggestions of a virtuous shame.

The laws of practical honour are left nearly undefined to the agents in

in civil life, and it is only from the deductions that are drawn in favour of certain principles, that an ideal code hath been established for the enforcement of such laws; but this would be too vague a system for the enforcement of an indispensable duty, that not only involves the principle of honour, but absolutely requires that the bounden action shall be in due accordance with that principle; and to make this most seriously obligatory, all civilised nations have promulgated certain regulations, which they have denominated *articles of war*.

On considering the conduct of the court-martial, in regard to the examination of the military errors of Captain Ellman, we think that they merit much praise.—They have manifested as much tenderness, perhaps, as they consistently could for the derelictions of a young officer, whose habitudes were not precisely military, and whose station was not of a very responsible sort.—They have insisted upon the necessity of obedience, in a soldier, as a paramount duty, and they could not have done less.

The conduct of his Royal Highness the Prince Regent, when the sentence on Captain Ellman was submitted to his approval, was most forbearing and amiable: he kindly softened down the more rigorous part of the decision of this military tribunal; and proved, in this instance, as he hath uniformly done in all, that his disposition leads him to be benevolent even when policy might urge him to be severe.

CELEBRATED SPORTING PRINTS, READY FOR PUBLICATION.

WE are happy to announce the speedy appearance of the two hunting prints of the Fox breaking Cover, and the Death of the Fox, from the celebrated original paintings by S. Gilpin, R.A. and P. Reinagle, A. R. A.—They have been six years in the hands of Mr. Scott, the engraver, and, we doubt not, will fully meet the expectation of the public, and gratify the taste and judgment of all true sportsmen, as well as the amateurs of the fine arts in general.

SPORTING IN THE ISLE OF ELY.

To the Editor of the Sporting Magazine.

SIR,

BY inserting the following particular in your Magazine, you will oblige, Sir,

A CONSTANT READER.

Wisbech, Feb. 22, 1811.

A few weeks back, a match, for fifty guineas a side, was run, between a brindle dog, Clinker, the property of Mr. James Oldman, of the White Lion Inn, in Wisbech, in the Isle of Ely, and a white bitch named Dash, the property of Mr. John Smith, of Chatteris, in the said Isle. The gentlemen met on Horseload Fen Common, at Chatteris, where they found a very good hare; the hare had one hundred yards law; she took the lead for about a mile, when Mr. Oldman's dog Clinker fetched her, and gave her a turn; she then made off for the Highland, and ran for more than a mile and a half, when the white bitch turned her, and made a grand go-by; she then took a little to the left, and run about a mile further, where Clinker made a grand push, and killed the hare. It is impossible for us to say which had the best of the race; we can only term it a dead heat: they both ran exceedingly well, and in good condition. It was allowed by judges that this was the best race ever run in this county.

DESCRIPTION OF THE GAD-FLY.

THE *genus oestrus,* or gad-fly, is remarkable, like that of ichneumon, for the singular residence of its larvæ, viz. beneath the skin, or in different parts of the bodies of quadrupeds.

The principal European species is the *oestrus bovis,* or ox gad-fly. This is about the size of a common bee, and is of a pale yellowish brown colour, with the thorax marked by four longitudinal dusky streaks, and the abdomen by a black bar across the middle, the tip being covered with tawney or orange-coloured hairs: the wings are pale brown, and unspotted.

The female of this species, when ready to deposit her eggs, fastens on the back of a heifer or cow, and piercing the skin with the tube, situated at the tip of the abdomen, deposits an egg in the puncture: she then proceeds to another spot at some distance from the former, repeating the same operation, at intervals, on many parts of the animal's back. This operation is not performed without severe pain to the animal on which it is practised; and it is for this reason that cattle are observed to be seized with such violent horror, when apprehensive of the approaches of the female oestrus; flying with uncontrolable rapidity, and endeavouring to escape their tormentor by taking refuge in the nearest pond; it being observed that this insect rarely attacks cattle when standing in water.

In the punctures of the skin thus formed by the gad-fly, the several eggs hatch, and the larvæ, by their motion and suction, cause so many small swellings or abscesses beneath the skin, which growing gradually larger, become externally visible, exhibiting so many tubercles an inch or more in diameter, with an opening at the top of each, through which may be observed the larvæ, imbedded in a purulent fluid: its appearance is that of an oval maggot, of a yellowish white colour while young, but growing gradually darker as it advances in age, till at the time of its full growth it is entirely brown. It is chiefly in the months of August and September that the eggs are laid, and the larvæ remain through the ensuing winter and till the latter part of the next June, before they are ready to undergo their change into chrysalis. At this period they force themselves out from their respective cells, and falling to the ground, each creeps beneath the first convenient shelter, and lying in an inert state, becomes contracted into an oval form, but without casting the larva skin, which dries and hardens round it. When the included insect is ready for exclusion, it forces open the top of the pupa or chrysalis coat, and emerges in its perfect form, having remained within the chrysalis somewhat more than a month.

Though the history of this insect in its larva state has long ago been detailed with sufficient accuracy by Vallisneri, Reaumur, and others, yet the fly itself appears to have been very generally confounded, and that even by Linnæus himself, with a very different species, resembling it in size, but which is bred in the stomach and intestines of horses, the larvæ being no other than the whitish, rough maggots, which farriers call by the title of bots. This insect is the *oestrus equi,* extremely well described by Mr. Bracy Clark in the third volume of the transactions of the Linnæan society. It is a trifle smaller than the *oestrus bovis,* and is

of a yellowish-brown colour, with a dusky band across the thorax, and the tip of the abdomen of similar colour: the wings are whitish, with a pale-dusky bar across the middle of each, and two dusky spots at the tip.

The manner in which the young larvæ or bots are introduced into the stomach and bowels of the animal they infest, is singularly curious, and cannot be better delivered than in the words of the ingenious observer.

"When the female has been impregnated, and the eggs are sufficiently matured, she seeks among the horses a subject for her purpose, and approaching it on the wing, she holds her body nearly upright in the air, and her tail, which is lengthened for the purpose, curved inwards and upwards: in this way she approaches the part where she designs to deposit her egg; and suspending herself for a few seconds before it, suddenly darts upon it, and leaves her egg adhering to the hair: she hardly appears to settle, but merely touches the hair with the egg held out on the projected point of the abdomen. The egg is made to adhere by means of a glutinous liquor secreted with it. She then leaves the horse at a small distance, and prepares a second egg, and, poising herself before the part, deposits it in the same way. The liquor dries, and the egg becomes firmly glued to the hair: this is repeated by various flies, till four or five hundred eggs* are sometimes placed on one horse.—The horses, when they become used to this fly, and find that it does them no injury, as the *tabani* and *conopes*, by sucking their blood, hardly regard it, and do not appear at all aware of its insidious object. The skin of the horse is always thrown into a tremulous motion on the touch of this insect, which merely arises from the very great irritability of the skin and cutaneous muscles at this season of the year†, occasioned by the continual teasing of the flies, till at length these muscles act involuntarily on the slightest touch of any body whatever. The inside of the knee is the part on which these flies are most fond of depositing their eggs, and next to this, on the side and back part of the shoulder, and less frequently on the extreme ends of the mane. But it is a fact worthy of attention, that the fly does not place them promiscuously about the body, but constantly on those parts which are most liable to be licked with the tongue; and the ova, therefore, are always scrupulously placed within its reach. The eggs thus deposited, I at first supposed were loosened from the hairs by the moisture of the tongue, aided by its roughness, and were conveyed to the stomach, where they were hatched; but on more minute search, I do not find this to be the case, or at least only by accident; for when they have remained on the hairs four or five days, they become ripe, after which time the slightest application of warmth and moisture is sufficient to bring forth, in an instant, the latent larva. At this time, if the tongue of the horse touches the egg, its operculum is thrown open, and a small active worm is produced, which readily

* Horses sometimes appear to be nearly covered by them.

† August and September.

adheres

adheres to the moist surface of the tongue, and is from thence conveyed, with the food, to the stomach. If the egg itself be taken up by accident, it may pass on to the intestinal canal before it hatches; in which case its existence to the full growth is more precarious, and certainly not so agreeable, as it is exposed to the bitterness of the bile. I have often, with a pair of scissars, clipped off some hairs with eggs on them, from the horse, and on placing them in the hand, moistened with saliva, they have hatched in a few seconds. At other times, when not perfectly ripe, the larva would not appear, though held in the hand, under the same circumstances, for several hours; a sufficient proof that the eggs themselves are not conveyed to the stomach. It is fortunate for the animals infested by these insects, that their numbers are limited by the hazards they are exposed to. I should suspect near a hundred are lost, for one that arrives at the perfect state of a fly. The eggs, in the first place, when ripe, often hatch of themselves, and the larva, without a nidus, crawls about till it dies; others are washed off by the water, or are hatched by the sun and moisture thus applied together.—When in the mouth of the animal, they have the dreadful ordeal of the teeth and mastication to pass through. On their arrival at the stomach, they may pass, mixed with the mass of the food, into the intestines; and when full grown, on dropping from the anus to the ground, a dirty road or water may receive them. If on the commons, they are in danger of being crushed to death, or of being picked up by the birds who so constantly, for food, attend the footsteps of the cattle. Such are the contingencies by which nature has wisely prevented the too great increase of their numbers, and the total destruction of the animals they feed on. I have once seen the larva of this oestrus, in the stomach of an ass; indeed there is little reason to doubt their existence in the stomachs of all this tribe of animals.

" These larvæ attach themselves to every part of the stomach, but are generally most numerous about the pylorus, and are sometimes, though much less frequently, found in the intestines. Their numbers in the stomach are very various, often not more than half a dozen, at other times more than a hundred, and if some accounts might be relied on, even a much greater number than this. They hang most commonly in clusters, being fixed by the small end to the inner membrane of the stomach, which they adhere to by means of two small hooks or tentacula. When they are removed from the stomach they will attach themselves to any loose membrane, and even to the skin of the hand.

" The body of the larva is composed of eleven segments, all of which, except the two last, are surrounded with a double row of horny bristles, directed towards the truncated end, and are of a reddish colour, except the points, which are black. These larvæ evidently receive their food at the small end, by a longitudinal aperture, which is situated between two hooks or tentacula. Their food is probably the chyle, which, being nearly pure aliment, may go wholly to the composition of their bodies without any excrementitious residue, though on dissection the intestine is found to

contain a yellow or greenish matter, which is derived from the colour of the food, and shews that the chyle, as they receive it, is not perfectly pure.

"They attain their full growth about the latter end of May, and are coming from the horse from this time to the latter end of June, or sometimes later. On dropping to the ground, they find out some convenient retreat, and change to the chrysalis; and in about six or seven weeks the fly appears."

To the above account by Mr. Clark I have only to add, that the most successful method of obtaining the flies from the chrysalis is by taking the larvæ, when fresh dropped from the horse, and immediately enclosing them separately in balls of fresh horse-dung, which must be kept in a warm situation, and sprinkled every second or third day with water: the animals will thus be preserved in a proper degree of warmth and moisture, and the flies will make their appearance in the usual time.

Oestrus ovis, or the sheep gad-fly, is so named from its larva inhabiting the nostrils and frontal sinuses of sheep in particular, though it is also found in similar situations in deer and some other quadrupeds. It is a smaller species than either of the two preceding, and is of whitish grey colour, with the thorax marked by four longitudinal black streaks, and the abdomen speckled with black. The larvæ are nearly as large as those of the *oestrus equi,* and, according to the observations of Mr. Clark, are of a delicate white colour, flat on the under-side, and convex on the upper; having no spines at the divisions of the segments, though they are provided with tentacula at the small end. The other is truncated, with a prominent ring or margin. When young, these larvæ are perfectly white and transparent, but as they increase in size, the upper side becomes marked with two transverse brown lines on each segment, and some spots are seen on the sides. They move with considerable quickness; holding with their tentacula as a fixed point, and drawing up the body towards them. Mr. Clark, in his description of this species, observes that he has mostly found the larvæ in the horns and frontal sinuses of sheep, and remarks that the membranes lining these cavities were hardly at all inflamed, while those of the maxillary sinuses were highly so. From this circumstance he is led to suspect that they inhabit the maxillary sinuses, and crawl, on the death of the animal, into these situations in the horns and frontal sinuses. When full grown, they fall through the nostrils, and change to the pupa, or chrysalis state, lying on the ground, or adhering to some blade of grass. The fly proceeds from the chrysalis in the space of about two months.

"The manner," says Mr. Clark, "in which this species deposits its ova, has, I believe, not been described; nor is it easy to see, though close to the animal at the time, exactly in what way this is accomplished, owing to the extreme agitation of the sheep; but the motions of the sheep afterwards, and the mode of defence it takes to avoid it, can leave but little doubt that the egg is deposited on the inner margin of the nostril. The moment the fly touches this part of the sheep, they shake their heads, and strike the ground violently with their fore feet; at the same time holding their noses close to the earth, they run away,

looking

looking about them on every side, to see if the fly pursues: they also smell to the grass as they go, lest one should be lying in wait for them. If they observe one, they gallop back, or take some other direction. As they cannot, like the horses, take refuge in the water, they have recourse to a rut, or dry dusty road, or gravel-pits, where they crowd together during the heat of the day, with their noses held close to the ground, which renders it difficult for the fly conveniently to get at the nostril. Observations on these flies are best made in warm weather, and during the heat of the day, when, by driving the sheep from their retreats to the grass, the attack of the fly, and the emotions of the sheep, are easily observed."

The other British oestri, are the *O. hæmorrhoidalis* of Linnæus, whose larva, like that of the *O. equi* resides in the stomachs of horses, and the *O. veterinus* of Mr. Clark, the larva of which is also found in similar situations. The *O. hæmorrhoidalis* is about the size of a common window fly, with pale dusky wings, brown thorax, abdomen white at the base, black in the middle, and red at the tip. The *O. veterinus* is nearly of similar size with the *O. equi,* and is entirely of a ferruginous colour, with the abdomen more dusky towards the tip.

The exotic oestri are probably numerous, but are at present very little known.

ACCOUNT OF AN IRISH MISER.

AUGUSTUS Pentheny, Esq. who died on the 23d of November last, in the 83d year of his age, in an obscure lodging in Leeson-street, Dublin, was a miser of the most perfect drawing that nature has ever given to the world. From the low and laborious condition of a journeyman cooper, he accumulated the enormous sum of £300,000 in the island of Antigua and Santa Cruz. He was born in the village of Longwood, in the county of Meath, and was very early in life encouraged to make a voyage to the West Indies, to follow his trade, under the patronage of his maternal uncle, another adventurer of the name of Gaynor, better known by the name of *Peter Big Brogues,* from the enormous shoes he was mounted in, on the day he set out on his travels. Peter acquired an immense fortune, and lived to see his only child married to Sir G. Colebrook, Chairman to the East India Company, and a banker in London, to whom Peter gave with his daughter £200,000.

Mr. A. Pentheny saw mankind only through one medium; his vital powers were so diverted from generous or social objects, by the prevailing passion for gold, that he could discover no trait in any character, however venerable or respectable, that was not seconded by riches; in fact, any one that was not rich he considered an inferior animal, neither worthy of notice, nor safe to be admitted into society. This extraordinary feeling he extended to female society, and if possible with a greater degree of disgust. A woman he considered as an incumbrance on a man of property, and therefore he never could be prevailed upon to admit one into his confidence. As to wedlock, he utterly and uniformly rejected an idea of it. His wife was the public funds, and his children guineas; and no parent

parent or husband paid more deference or care to the comforts of his family. He was never known to separate his immense hoard, by rewarding a generous action; or alleviating a premature or accidental misfortune, by the application of one shilling to such purposes. It could scarcely be expected he would bestow a gift or extend a gratitude to others, if he was so niggard of comforts to himself.

The evening before he died, some busy friend sent a respectable physician to him, at which the old miser did not shew any apparent dislike, until he recollected the doctor might expect a fee; this alarmed him, and immediately raising himself in the bed, he addressed the Irish Esculapius in the following words; "Doctor, I am a strong man, and know my disorder, and could cure myself, but as Mr. Nangle has sent you to my assistance, I shall not exchange you for any other person, if we come to an understanding; in fact, I wish to know what you will charge for your attendance until I am recovered?" The doctor answered, "eight guineas." "Ah! Sir," said the old man, "if you knew my disorder you would not be exorbitant: but to put an end to this discussion, I will give you six guineas and a half." The doctor assented, and the patient held out his arm with the fee, and to have his pulse considered, and laid himself down again.

His relations were numerous, but not being, in his opinion, qualified, for want of experience in the management of money, to nurse his wealth, he bequeathed the entire of it to a rich family in the West Indies, with the generous sum of 4l. annually to a faithful servant, who lived with him twenty-four years. In the will he expresses great kindness for poor John, and says he bequeathed the 4l. for his kind services, and that his latter days may be spent in comfortable independence! Like Thelluson, he would not allow his fortune to pass to his heir, immediately, as he directed that the entire should be funded for fourteen years, and then, in its improved state, to be at the disposal of the heirs he has chosen.

For the regulation of his last will and testament he appointed Walter Nangle, Esq. and Major O'Farrell, late of the Austrian army, his executors, and the Right Hon. David La Touch, and Lord Fingal, trustees.

ACCOUNT OF THE CONDOR.

OF this enormous bird, discordant and exaggerated descriptions have been exhibited, which, among various other feats of process, is said, like the Roe of the Arabian Nights Entertainments, to have lifted an elephant into the air high enough to be killed by its fall. A modern traveller, named Humboldt, has given a more correct and temperate account of it. According to this intrepid traveller, the condor usually resides among lofty rocks, in the region of the Andes, on the verge of the perpetual snow. When seated on the point of a rock, and viewed from below, especially when contrasted with a clear sky, it appears considerably larger than it really is. It feeds on both dead and living animals, and will perceive the scent of its prey at a great distance. Two birds will seize on a heifer, and begin their work of destruction by picking the eyes and tearing out the tongue. "A method of taking condors

condors alive is often practised in Peru and Quito, and is as follows; viz. a cow or horse is killed, and in a little time the scent of the carcase attracts the condors, which are suddenly seen in numbers in places where no one would suppose they existed. They always begin with the eyes and tongue, and then proceed to devour the intestines, &c. When they are well sated, they are too heavy and indolent to fly, and the Indians take them easily with nooses. When thus taken alive, the condor is dull and timid for the first hour, and then becomes extremely ferocious. Monsieur Humboldt had one in his possession for some days, which it was dangerous to approach. The condor is extremely tenacious of life, and will survive for a long time such wounds as might be supposed to prove immediately fatal; and such is the fulness of its plumage, that it has the power of resisting or expelling the force of a ball fired at it from a gun."

ANECDOTES OF THE RUSSIAN CHARACTER AND EMPIRE.

(From Clarke's Travels, lately published.)

THE true manners of the people are not seen in Petersburgh, nor even in Moscow, by entering the houses of nobility only. Some of them, and generally those to whom letters of recommendation are obtained, have travelled, and introduced refinements, which their friends and companions readily imitate. The real Russian rises at an early hour, and breakfasts on a dram with black bread; his dinner at noon consists of the coarsest and most greasy viands, the scorbutic effects of which are counteracted by salted cucumbers, sour cabbage, the juice of his vaccinium, and his nectar *quass*. Sleep, which makes him unmindful of his abject slavery and barbarous life, he particularly indulges; sleeping always after eating, and going early to his bed. The principal articles of diet are the same every where,—grease and brandy. A stranger dining with their most refined and most accomplished princes, may in vain expect to see his knife and fork changed: if he sends them away, they are returned without being wiped; if he looks behind him he will see a servant spit in the plate he is to receive, and wipe it with a dirty napkin to remove the dust; if he ventured (which he should avoid, if he is hungry) to inspect the soup in his plate with too inquisitive an eye, he will doubtless discover living victims in distress, which a Russian if he saw, would swallow with indifference. It is not known to all that Potemkin used to take vermin from his head, and kill them on the bottom of his plate at table! and beauteous Princesses of Moscow do not scruple to follow his example. But vermin unknown to an Englishman, and which it is not permitted even to name, attack the stranger who incautiously approaches too near the persons of their nobility, and visit him on their sofa and chairs. If at table he regards his neighbour, he sees him picking his teeth with his fork, and then plunging it in a plate of meat which is brought round to all. The horrors of a Russian kitchen are inconceivable: and there is not a bed in the whole empire, which an English traveller, aware of its condition, would venture to approach. In the house of young Count Orloff alone are no less than five hundred

dred servants; many of them sumptuously clothen, and many others in rags; it is no unusual sight to see behind a chair a sort of gala footman, like a Neapolitan volante, in gold and plumes, and another behind him looking like a beggar. The generation has not yet passed away, which at the pleasure of the Czar were sent to be whipped like dogs. The short liberty they enjoyed in the reign of Catherine did not suffice to elevate their minds from the depravity always incident to a state of slavery. Under Paul, the period came again in which they suffered the indignities offered to their forefathers. Potemkin, one of the meanest and most profligate men, frequently taught them to remember what they had before been, by chastising with his own hand a prince or a nobleman with whom he chanced to be offended; and the Emperor Paul exercised his cane upon the nobles who were his officers. Under such government, if we find them servile, oppressive, cowardly, and tyrannical, it is no more than may be expected from their mode of education, and the discipline they undergo. They will naturally crouch their heads in the dust before an emperor or his favourite, and trample their inferiors beneath their feet.

We had a very interesting peep into the manners of the peasantry, for which we are indebted to the breaking of our sledge at Paschol. The woman of the house was preparing a dinner for her family, who were gone to church. It consisted only of soup. Presently her husband, a boor, came in, attended by his daughters, with some small loaves of white bread, not larger than a pigeon's egg, which I suppose the priest had consecrated, for they placed them with great care before the bogh. Then the bowing and crossing began, and they went to dinner, all eating out of the same bowl; dinner ended, they went regularly to bed, as if to pass the night there, bowing and crossing as before; having slept about an hour, one of the young women, according to an etiquette constantly observed, called her father, and presented him with a pot of vinegar or *quass*, the Russian beverage; the man then rose, and a complete fit of crossing and bowing seemed to seize him, with interludes so inexpressibly characteristic and ludicrous, that it was very difficult to preserve gravity; the pauses of scratching and grunting, with all the attendant circumstances of ventriloquism and eructation; the apostrophes to his wife, to himself, and to his God, were such as drunken Barnaby might have put into Latin, but need not be expressed in English.

A Russian hardly commits any action without the previous ceremony of crossing. If he is to serve as coachman and drive your carriage, his crossing occupies two minutes before he is mounted; when he descends, the same motion is repeated: if a church is in view, you see him at work with his head and hand, as if seized with St. Vitus's dance: if he makes any earnest protestation, or enters a room, or goes out, you are entertained with the same manual and capital exercise. When beggars return thanks for alms, the operation lasts a longer time; and then between the crossing, by way of interlude, they generally touch their forehead to the earth.

In whatever country we seek original genius, we must go to Russia for a talent of imitation; it is the *acme* of Russian intellect, the principle of all their operations. They have

have nothing of their own; but it is not their fault if they have not every thing which others invent. Their surprising powers of imitation exceed all that has been hitherto known; the meanest Russian slave has been found adequate to the accomplishment of the most intricate and most delicate works of mechanism. The Birmingham trinket manufactory, in which imitations of jewellery and precious metals are wrought with so much cheapness, is surpassed in Moscow; because the workmanship is equally good, and the things themselves are cheaper. But the great source of wonder is the manner of their execution; at Birmingham they are the execution of many persons; in Moscow, of only one; yet the difference between divided and undivided labour in this branch of trade occasions none in the price of the articles.

HYDE PARK IN FORMER TIMES.

"Certainly time is the ruler of all things, as is shewn in his changing of them and their accompaniments."

THE news-papers are constant in their information, that the rides and walks in Hyde Park were, on such a day, "crowded with all the beauty and fashion of the metropolis." Would it be thought that this rendezvous of the gay world was formerly so unpolite as to demand a fee from every person that it admitted? Yet we have the authority of a small manual, entitled, "A Character of England, as it was lately presented in a Letter to a Nobleman in France," London, 1659, for affirming this; the author, a Frenchman, says—

"I did frequently accompany my Lord N—— into a field, near the town, which they called Hide Park; the place not unpleasant, and which they use as we do our course, but with nothing of that order, equipage, and splendour; being such an assemblage of sorry jades and hackney coaches, as next to a regiment of carmen there is nothing approaches the resemblance. This park was, it seems, used by the late king and nobility, for the freshness of the air and the goodly prospect; but it is that which now, besides all other exercises, they pay for here in England, though it be free in all the world beside; every coach and horse which enters, buying his mouthful and permission of the publican who has purchased it, for which the entrance is guarded by porters with long staves."—The same writer informs us, that Spring Gardens, now covered with houses, were the Vauxhall of that time.

"The manner is, as the company return from Hyde Park, to alight at the Spring Garden, so called in order to the park, as our Thuilleries is to the course; the inclosure is not disagreeable, for the solemness of the grove, the warbling of the birds, and, as it opens into the spacious walks at St. James's: *but the company walk in it, at such a rate, as you would think all the ladies were so many Atalanta's contending with their wooers;* and, my lord, there was no appearance that I should prove the Hippomenes, who could, with very much ado, keep pace with them: but, fast as they run, they stay there so long, as if they wanted not time to finish the chase, for it is usual here to find some of the young company till midnight, and the thickets of the garden seem to be contrived to all advantages of gallantry. After they have re-

refreshed with the collation, which is here seldom omitted, at a certain cabaret in the middle of this paradise, where the forbidden fruits are certainly trifling, tartes, neates-tongues, salacious (salted) meates, and bad rhenish, for which the gallants pay sauce, as indeed they do at all such houses thoughout England; for they think it a piece of frugality beneath them, to bargain or accompt for what they eat in any place, however unreasonably imposed upon."

IRISH FOX-HUNTING.

ON Friday, the 16th November, at half-past nine, the Ballygillin hounds met at Longueville, the beautiful demesne of John Longfield, Esq. and were thrown into the wood, where they immediately unkenneled the famous sporting fox, remarkable for having given so many good runs this season: he first broke cover to the eastward, but being headed by some people working in a field, ran back to the wood, and not hanging the cover, broke to the north-west, and making an extended ring round the demesne of Woodpark, again turned to the eastward, and running along the bank of that useful work the Blackwater navigation, bore up the hill, and passing through the picturesque demesnes of Firville and Killetra, crossed the river Blackwater (though much swollen), near the seat of H. Croker, Esq. when taking up the steepest part of Knockaurora, ran (keeping the highest part of the mountains) to near the Carrignayar, where he couched in a bog, and allowed the hounds to come up with him. He then took to the left, and running through many fine glens, (where the effect of the cry of the hounds was truly grand), was taken, unhurt, some distance to the eastward of Glounagear, making in all a distance of about twenty miles. Of the numerous field which the celebrity of this fox drew to the cover side, few were in when he was taken.

MORE IRISH FOX-HUNTING.

Some time since, after a most excellent chase with the Boyne harriers, the fox was taken alive. Upon examining the animal, it was discovered that he had been bitten in the foot, and was consequently lame; the huntsman was therefore ordered to turn him into his earth, as he had afforded so much sport; his ears were again marked, and he was accordingly let into his former earth at Mr. R. M'Guire's cover at Crowbawn. On Monday, the 14th ult. they drew Dowth. A fox broke cover, and after a sharp, short, and decisive run, he was taken alive. The gentlemen were surprised to recognise their old acquaintance. On Friday, the 18th, this same fox was shaken at Crufty-hill: he set off at a gentle pace at first for Shallon, then rapidly traversed—passed the open earths at Rockbellew, and flew with increasing speed to Smithstown; already we observed some of the sportsmen to fall back —he now traversed again, and with the swiftness of an arrow, glanced by Julianstown, across the Great Turnpike Road—although the day was not favourable, and a number of passengers upon the road, these fine hounds did not experience any check; he now made for Ninoh; as he crossed the road, he passed through the midst of a flock of sheep, and here the pack were *foiled to a fault*; there was but little scent,

scent, and the impending clouds and falling sleets made it less.—Lynch, the huntsman, here evinced his consummate fox-hunting skill; he made a wide cast, and with his usual success—his favourite, "Driver," made the hit—soon the pack shewed they could *hunt* as well as *run.* Reynard having taken soil, crossed the Nanny-water; the river was much swoln, but this was no obstacle to *true* sportsmen—*some* of the horsemen were observed to make for Julianstown-bridge, but we saw no more of them. With the rapidity of lightning, the fox dashed through the domain of Ballygarth, forward to Corballis, scorning to try the open earth, and swept away in a brilliant style over the Green Hills, forward to Gormanstown—thence to Knocklingen, and with astonishing renewed swiftness scoured along to Balbriggen—here he traversed short.—Words cannot describe, nor any but fox-hunting sportsmen conceive, with what impetuous velocity he now flew from Ben Head. As he scoured along the extended plain, those gentlemen who still rode in, had a perfect *entapes.* Poor reynard being now severely pressed, mounted the high and craggy rocks which overhung the ocean—and gallantly plunged into the waves beneath—the hounds caught the view, they rushed after him; the sportsmen now approached, enveloped in smoke, their horses covered with foam; never was there seen more determined and desperate riding; they moved like a whirlwind; the enthusiasm of hunting had reached its highest pitch; a noble struggle for precedency commenced to save the fox. Lynch, the huntsman, who first arrived, dashed from the precipice into the sea—like an electric shock, the impulse seized the huntsmen as they came up quick; quick they followed his example. We observed Mr. T. Newcomen, Mr. R. Tandy, Mr. R. M'Guire, Mr. J. Chester, and Mr. James Gernon most forward in this hazardous enterprise; but Lieut. Bell, of the 18th light dragoons, and Mr. Arthur Newcomen, had the peculiar honour of rescuing poor reynard. The gentlemen all got to shore without injury. Thus ended this sharp chase of eighteen miles, which was run in an hour and eighteen minutes.

ALPHABETICAL LIST OF THE WINNING HORSES, &c. IN 1810.

Continued from page 161.

Ages. BY MR. TEAZLE (SON OF SIR PETER). *No. of Prizes.*

5 Guardy, Sir F. Standish's, 50l. at Newmarket; Mr. Ladbroke's, 50l. at Ascot; the King's Plate at Canterbury; and 50l. at Egham 4

6 Master Teazle, Sir T. Mostyn's, 45gs. at Tré-Madock; and 50gs. at Oswestry 2

4 Young Vestris, Sir W. W. Wynne's, 60gs. and 50gs. at Tré-Madock; and 80gs. at Holywell. 3

BY MONKTON (SON OF POSTHUMOUS).

Honesty, Mr. Booth's, 63gs. at Catterick 1

BY MOORCOCK (SON OF HIGHFLYER).

3 Lagopus, Mr. Butler's, 130gs. at Chesterfield 1

Ages. BY OLD TATT (SON OF HIGHFLYER). *No. of Prizes.*

Bay Gelding, (Brother to Dusty) Sir R. Brooke's, 80gs. at Tarporley 1

Jealousy, Mr. Dean's, the Silver Cup, value 50l. at Tarporley.... 1

BY PANDOLPHO (SON OF PRETENDER).

5 Mowbray, Duke of Leeds's, one of the Subscription Purses of 233l. 15s. at York 1

BY PASTOR (SON OF DUNGANNON).

6 Swansea, Mr. Munsey's, 50gs. at Swansea; and 50l. at Haverford-West 2

BY PATRIOT (SON OF ROCKINGHAM).

4 Bay Colt, Mr. Hodgson's, 50gs. at Newcastle 1

BY PAYNATOR (SON OF TRUMPATOR).

3 Occator, Mr. Cock's, 50l. at York; and 50l. at Morpeth 2

BY PEGASUS (SON OF ECLIPSE).

5 Ches. Horse, (out of Frisky) Captain Parker's, 50gs. at Canterbury 1

8 Hippomenes, Major Wheatley's, 40gs. and 100gs. at Newmarket; also 50l. at Epsom 3

BY PENCIL (SON OF RULER).

5 Landscape, Mr. Dundas's, 45gs. at Abingdon 1

BY PENSIONER (SON OF DUNGANNON).

4 Bay Filly, (out of Monica) Mr. Cuming's, 50l. at Lamberton; and 50gs. at Edinburgh 2

BY PILGRIM (SON OF RESTLESS).

Broken-Back, Mr. Scarisbrick's, 60gs. at Newton.............. 1

BY PITCH (SON OF SHARK).

Negro-Lass, Mr. Stanton's, 50l. at Malton.................... 1

BY PLEADER.

5 The Priest, Mr. Fenwick's, 100gs. at Ascot, and 50gs. at Reading 2

BY PRECIPITATE (SON OF MERCURY).

8 Langton, Lord Jersey's, 575gs. the Gold Cup, value 80gs. with 50gs. in specie, and 70gs. at Newmarket 2

BY QUICKSILVER (SON OF MERCURY).

a. Felicia, Mr. J. Grant's, 70gs. at Lincoln 1

BY REMEMBRANCER (SON OF PIPATOR).

3 Br. Colt, (out of Beatrice) Lord Strathmore's, 100gs. at York.... 1

3 Ches. Colt, (out of Fair Charlotte) Mr. Beckwith's, 130gs. at Durham; and 190gs. at Pontefract........................... 2

3 Memento, Mr. Danby's, 125gs. at Catterick 1

3 Recollection, Mr. Baker's, 200gs. at Doncaster 1

3 Reflection, Mr. Norton's, 100gs. and 45gs. at Doncaster........ 2

3 Souvenir, Mr. M. W. Ridley's, 50l. at Morpeth; and 50l. at Carlisle 2

BY RULER (SON OF YOUNG MARSK).

4 Remnant, Mr. Jackson's, 60gs. at Catterick 1

BY ST. GEORGE (SON OF HIGHFLYER).

7 Harmless, Mr. Cuming's, 50gs. at Edinburgh 1

5 Fan,

Ages. *No. of Prizes.*

5 Pan, Lord Sackville's, twice 100gs. and thrice 60gs. at Newmarket 5
5 St. Andero, Mr. Williams's, 95gs. at Brighton 1
St. George, Mr. Addy's, 45gs. at Chelmsford.................. 1
6 Silvio, Mr. Cuming's, 50gs. at. Irvine......................... 1

BY ST. VINCENT (SON OF FORTUNIO).

5 Jostler, Mr. Terrett's, 128l. 15s. at Worcester; and 50l. at Tewkesbury.. 2
4 Sir Sidney, Mr. Jones's, 65l. 15s. at Abingdon.................. 1

BY SCREVETON (SON OF HIGHFLYER).

Gaoler, Mr. Lambton's, 50gs. at Durham....................... 1

BY SHUTTLE (SON OF YOUNG MARSK).

3 Anna-Bella, Mr. T. Barker's, 100gs. at Catterick; 40gs. at Newcastle; and 40gs. at Stockton.............................. 3
4 Askrigg, Duke of Hamilton's, 100gs. at Chester............... 1
3 Bay Colt, (out of Driver's dam) Mr. Shafto's, 70l. at Durham; and 50l. at Manchester 2
3 Bay Colt, (dam by Stride) Sir H. T. Vane's, 50l. at Northallerton; 50l. at Richmond; and twice 50l. at Penrith 4
4 Bay Filly, Mr. Neville's, 100gs. at Pontefract 1
3 Cambric, Mr. Wilson's, 50gs. at Newmarket; Mr. Elwes's, 200gs. at Stamford.. 2
3 Corduroy, Sir W. Gerard's, 120gs. at Catterick; 125l. at Manchester; the Gold Cup, value 100gs. 200gs. and 60gs. at Newton 5
4 Duchess, Sir R. Brooke's, 70l. at Newton; the Loyalty Cup, value 100gs. with 110gs. added, at Ormskirk; the Gold Cup, value 100gs. with 90gs. in specie, also 90gs. at Knutsford.......... 4
4 Florival, Lord G. H. Cavendish's, 400gs. and 200gs. at Newmarket 2
4 Middlethorpe, Lord G. H. Cavendish's, 400gs. at Newmarket.... 1
4 Penelope, Mr. Baillie's, 75gs. at Newcastle; 150gs. and 100gs. at Dumfries.. 3
3 Pope, Mr. Barlow's, 70gs. at Malton; and 100l. at Doncaster .. 2
5 Tomboy, Mr. Ambrose's, 50l. at Barnet......................... 1
5 Weaver, Mr. Terrett's, 40gs. and 50l. at Hereford.............. 2

BY SIR CHARLES (SON OF DIOMED).

4 Bit of Tartan, Lord Eglintoun's, 50l. at Stirling 1

BY SIR ISAAC.

3 Bay Filly, (dam by Hugh Capet) Mr. Sheppard's, 60gs. at Chippenham.. 1

BY SIR OLIVER (SON OF SIR PETER).

3 Br. Colt, (dam by Revenge) Mr. Tinkler's, 50l. at Ludlow 1
3 Miss Olivia Jordan, Mr. Brooke's, 25gs. at Chester............ 1
3 Planet, Lord Stamford's, 210gs. at Holywell................... 1

BY SIR PETER TEAZLE (SON OF HIGHFLYER).

4 Almanack, Mr. Douglas's, 100gs. at Newmarket.............. 1
3 Bay Colt, (dam by Volunteer) Lord Darlington's, 70l. at Carlisle.. 1

Ages. *No. of Prizes.*

3 Bay Filly, (dam by Hammer) Mr. Scarisbrick's, 60gs. and 50gs. at Ormskirk; also 60gs. at Knutsford 3
7 Bay Gelding, (out of Emigrant's dam) Mr. Best's, 40gs. at Lichfield 1
3 Br. Colt, (Brother to Warrior) Mr. Clifton's, 50l. at Derby...... 1
6 Bulfinch, Mr. Payne's, 100gs. and 70gs. at Newmarket.......... 2
6 The Coach-Horse, Mr. Milton's, the King's Plate at Ascot...... 1
6 Eaton, Lord Grosvenor's, half of a forfeit, 140gs. the King's Plate, and 133gs. 7s. at Newmarket.................................. 4
4 Jametta, Mr. Hewett's, 50l. at Lancaster 1
5 Lauretta, Lord Jersey's, 25gs. at Newmarket 1
6 Mademoiselle Presle, Sir W. W. Wynne's, 150gs. at Newmarket.. 1
5 Petronius, Duke of Hamilton's, the Union Cup, value 100gs. with 90gs. in specie, at Preston 1
5 Plover, Lord Grosvenor's, 25gs. and two King's Plates at Newmarket 3
5 Poulton, Lord Oxford's, 550gs. 50gs. and 300gs. at Newmarket.. 3
4 Sir Petronell, Major Wheatley's, the Gold Cup, value 100gs. with 10gs. in specie, at Newmarket 1
3 Sir Marrinell, Major Wheatley's, 225gs. at Malton 1

BY YOUNG SIR PETER (SON OF SIR PETER).

5 Brandenburgh, Mr. Craven's, 200gs. 50gs. and 40gs. at Newmarket; Lord Kinnaird's, 50gs. at Newmarket; Mr. J. Fletcher's, 50gs. at Peterborough 5

BY SIR SOLOMON (SON OF SIR PETER).

3 Bay Colt, (dam by Pontac) Mr. Scaife's, 76l. at Nottingham.... 1
3 Bay Filly, (dam by Woodpecker) Lord Scarborough's, 140gs. at Pontefract; and 240gs. at Doncaster 2
6 Cambrian, Colonel Draper's, 50gs. at Maddington; Mr. Pearce's, 50l. at Ascot; Mr. Jolliff's, 35gs. at Barnet................ 3
5 Remembrance, Lord Strathmore's, the Gold Cup, value 100gs. with 10gs. in specie, at Stockton; and 100gs. at Dumfries 2
4 Sheba's Queen, Mr. R. Gascoigne's, 50l. at Chester; and 134l. at Manchester 2

BY SKYSCRAPER (SON OF HIGHFLYER).

3 Conquestador, Mr. J. Dilly's, 50l. at Northampton 1

BY SORCERER (SON OF TRUMPATOR).

5 Agnes, Lord Lowther's, 25gs. at Newmarket; the Gold Cup, value 100gs. at Nottingham; and 50gs. at Newmarket 3
4 Amulet, Mr. Boulthee's, 70gs. at Derby; 50gs. at Northampton; and 50l. at Leicester 3
3 Bay Filly, Mr. Foster's, 50gs. at Newmarket.................. 1
3 Black Colt, (out of Ipswich's dam) Lord Jersey's, 100gs. at Newmarket 1
3 Breslaw, Mr. Lake's, 600gs. and 400gs. at Newmarket.......... 2
4 Doleful, Duke of Grafton's, 300gs. and 50gs. at Newmarket...... 2
3 Don Juan, Lord Kinnaird's, 55gs. and 50l. at Swaffham........ 2
3 Elve, Mr. Astley's, 50l. at Tenbury; 60gs. at Lichfield; 60gs. at Walsall; and 135gs. at Stafford............................. 4

3 Filly,

Ages. *No. of Prizes.*

3 Filly, (out of Dandelion) His R. H. the Duke of York's, 100gs. at Ascot 1
3 The Goblin Page, Mr. Trevanion's, 50gs. at Bibury; 50l. at Bodmin; and 50l. at Exeter........ 3
5 Knave of Clubs, Mr. Shakespear's, thrice 100gs. 53gs. and 27gs. at Newmarket; Mr. Bouverie's, 50gs. and 100gs. at Newmarket .. 7
4 Loiterer, Lord Lowther's, twice 90gs. at Newmarket; the Gold Cup, value 100gs. with 60gs. in specie, and 10gs. at Ascot; also the Gold Cup, value 100gs. and 40gs. in specie, at Leicester.. 5
4 Maid of Orleans, Mr. Batson's, 200gs. at Newmarket 1
5 Morel, Duke of Grafton's, thrice 100gs. 180gs. and 225gs. at Newmarket........ 5
3 Sagana, His R. H. the Duke of York's, 145gs. and 90gs. at Ascot; also 125gs. at Egham 3
4 Sandy, Mr. E. L. Hodgson's, 50l. at Derby........ 1
5 Sorceress, Mr. Bouverie's, 40gs. at Bibury........ 1
3 Spell, General Grosvenor's, 50gs. at Newmarket 1
2 Squib, Duke of Hamilton's, 140gs. at Pontefract 1
2 Sybil, Sir J. Honywood's, 50l. at Newmarket 1
3 The Witch of Endor, Mr. Dundas's, 250gs. and 71l. at Newmarket; also 50l. at Northampton 3
4 Wizard, Mr. Wilson's, 200gs. and 133gs. 7s. at Newmarket 2

BY SPEAR (SON OF JAVELIN).

a. Trinket, Mr. Heritage's, 65gs. at Hereford 1

BY STAMFORD (SON OF SIR PETER).

4 Æsculapius, Mr. Glossop's, 50l. and 60gs. at Peterborough; also 50l. at Stamford; Mr. J. Fletcher's, 150gs. at Huntingdon; Lord Lowther's, the King's Plate at Nottingham; and 70gs. at Chesterfield........ 6
5 Black Diamond, Mr. Craven's, 50l. and 60gs. at Newmarket 2
5 Burleigh, Mr. Vansittart's, 150gs. 200gs. 50gs. 100gs. 400gs. 100gs. and 200gs. at Newmarket........ 7
Cantley, Sir C. Douglas's, 60gs. at Irvine 1
2 Ches. Filly, (dam by Whiskey) Colonel Childers's, 50gs. at Malton 1
3 Ches. Filly, (dam by Pot8o's) Mr. Marris's, 50l. at Chesterfield.... 1
5 Easton, Mr. Bouverie's, 20gs. at Newmarket; Duke of Rutland's, 185gs. at Newmarket........ 2
4 Elmira, Mr. Price's, 55gs. at Oswestry; and 45gs. at Wrexham .. 2
Fitzjames, Mr. Yates's, 130gs. at Preston 1
5 Laurel-Leaf, Mr. T. Duncombe's, the Gold Cup value 100gs. at Durham; 50l. at Newcastle; the King's Plate, for mares, at York; the Gold Cup, value 100gs. at Pontefract; the King's Plate at Lincoln; and 120gs. at Doncaster 6
4 Lingodel, Mr. Hewett's, 60l. at Manchester, and 70l. at Lancaster 2
5 Mother Goose, Mr. Williams's, a Handicap Purse at Cardiff 1
3 Pleader, Mr. Fray's, 50l. at Newcastle; 50gs. at Lincoln; and 50gs. at Doncaster 3
3 Treasurer, Mr. Vansittart's, 200gs. 750gs. twice 100gs. and twice 200gs. at Newmarket 6

5 Tutelina,

Ages. *No. of Prizes.*

5 Tutelina, Mr. J. Richardson's, the Gold Cup, value 100gs. and 50l. at Beverley; 50l. at Pontefract; 70gs. at Lincoln; and 50l. at Doncaster 5

6 Wansford, Mr. Acred's, 50l. at Northallerton 1

BY STAR (SON OF HIGHFLYER).

6 Mr. Gundy, Lord Kinnaird's, 100gs. at Newmarket............ 1

BY YOUNG STAR (SON OF STAR).

3 Hesperus, Mr. R. Gascoigne's, 90gs. at Chester................ 1

BY STEAM.

6 Catch'em, Mr. Christie's, a Stakes at Fife, and 200gs. at Dumfermline 2

BY STRIDE (SON OF PHENOMENON).

4 Preston-Lad, Mr. W. Hutchinson's, twice 70l. at Preston; and 50gs. at Ormskirk 3

BY STRIPLING (SON OF PHENOMENON).

3 Octavian, Duke of Leeds's, 110gs. at York; the St. Leger Stakes of 975gs. and 180gs. at Doncaster 3

BY TEDDY THE GRINDER (SON OF ASPARAGUS).

3 Barbara, Captain Haffenden's, 70gs. at Epsom; Mr. Day's, 45gs. at Southampton, and 45gs. at Abingdon; Mr. Bouverie's, 50l. at Chippenham 4

3 Cobbet, Mr. Charrington's, 50gs. at Epsom 1

5 Discount, Mr. Bouverie's, 100gs. at Newmarket; 50gs. at Maddington; 50l. 90gs. and 10gs. at Bibury; 50l. at Winchester; 100gs. and 45gs. at Brighton; 50l. at Lewes; 50l. at Kingscote; also 95gs. and 30gs. at Newmarket........................... 12

2 Sister to Tristram, Mr. Durand's, 125gs. at Egham 1

5 Trimbush, Mr. Ladbroke's, 120gs. and 80gs. at Canterbury 2

BY TELESCOPE (SON OF POT8O'S).

a. I-Spy, Mr. Glover's, 90gs. at Lichfield 1

BY TICKLE TOBY (SON OF ALFRED).

a. Roger, Mr. Scarisbrick's, 60gs. at Lancaster.................. 1

BY TIMOTHY (SON OF DELPINI).

4 Bay Gelding, (out of Lucy) Mr. R. Gascoigne's, 50gs. at Ormskirk 1

4 Parvula, Mr. Brooke's, 80gs. at Nantwich; Mr. R. Spencer's, 50l. at Newcastle, Staffordshire; Mr. Keen's, 50l. at Lichfield; 50l. and 60gs. at Walsall 5

BY TITYRUS (SON OF ALEXANDER).

4 Meliboeus, Sir W. W. Wynne's, 50l. at Knutsford; and 90gs. at Holywell 2

BY TOTTERIDGE (SON OF DUNGANNON).

6 Jenny-bang-the-Weaver, Mr. Lockley's, 40gs. and 60gs. at Manchester; 70gs. at Warwick; 70gs. at Shrewsbury; and a Silver Cup, value 50l. at Oswestry.................................. 5

BY TRUMPATOR (SON OF CONDUCTOR).

3 Dimity, Mr. Watson's, 200gs. and 30gs. at Newmarket; 50l. at Chelmsford; twice 50l. at Canterbury; also 100gs. 50gs. and 50l. at Newmarket 8

5 Hymen, Sir H. Lippincott's, twice 50gs. at Maddington......... 2

4 Japan;

Ages. *No. of Prizes.*

4 Japan, Mr. Dilly's, 130gs. at Stockbridge; 50l. at Winchester; and 50l. at Reading 3
4 Mirth, General Gower's, 200gs. and 500gs. at Newmarket 2
4 Salvator, Duke of Rutland's, 300gs. twice 150gs. and twice 50gs. at Newmarket 5
9 Sir David, Mr. Shakespeare's, 200gs. at Newmarket. 1
4 Trump, Lord F. Bentinck's, 100gs. and 40gs. at Newmarket; Mr. Goddard's, 60gs. at Epsom. 3
5 Tumbler, Mr. Shakespear's, 300gs. twice 100gs. and 200gs. at Newmarket 4

BY TRUMPATOR (MR. HARRISON'S).

3 Hornsey, Mr. Foster's, 50l. at Stockton. 1

BY VERNATOR (SON OF TRUMPATOR).

6 Romeo, Mr. Dundas's, 25gs. at Maddington; 50gs. and 50l. at Newbury; also 40gs. at Reading 4

BY VOLUNTEER (SON OF ECLIPSE).

7 Ploughboy, Major Pigott's, 25gs. at Maddington; Mr. Whitmore's, 210gs. and 120gs. at Bibury; also 100gs. at Kingscote 4

BY WAXY (SON OF POT8O'S).

4 Br. Colt, (out of Scotia's dam) Lord Montgomerie's, 100gs. and 50gs. at Dumfries 2
3 Orange, Lord G. H. Cavendish's, 175gs. and 40gs. at Newmarket 2
4 Ches. Colt, (out of Gnat) Mr. Boultbee's, 70gs. at Leicester. . . . 1
3 Crispin, Mr. Payne's, twice 200gs. at Newmarket. 2
3 Fairing, Mr. Thornhill's, 50gs. at Newmarket 1
4 Illumination, Lord Foley's, 25gs. at Newmarket 1
2 Joke, Duke of Grafton's, 360gs. and 300gs. at Newmarket 2
3 Juvenal, Duke of Grafton's, 400gs. and 50l. at Newmarket 2
4 Mrs. Barnet, (late Taper) Mr. Morland's, 50l. and 50gs. at Barnet 2
3 Pledge, Duke of Grafton's, 1000gs. and 200gs. at Newmarket 2
4 Pope, Duke of Grafton's, 50gs. twice 200gs. 400gs. and 60gs. at Newmarket 5
4 Poppy, Lord F. G. Osborne's, 100gs. at Newmarket 1
4 Speculation, Lord Sackville's, 30gs. at Newmarket; Lord Falmouth's, 50gs. at Bibury; 50l. and 50gs. at Bodmin; also 50l. at Exeter. 5
4 Vexation, Sir J. Shelley's, four times 100gs. at Newmarket; Lady Shelley's, twice 50gs. at Newmarket 6
3 Whalebone, Duke of Grafton's, 700gs. at Newmarket; the Derby Stakes of 1200gs. at Epsom; 60gs. 133gs. 7s. twice 200gs. 100gs. and 200gs. at Newmarket. 8
4 Windsor, Lord C. Somerset's, 50gs. 100gs. 200gs. and 30gs. at Newmarket 4
8 Wren, Major Wheatley's, 50gs. at Newmarket. 1

BY WHISKEY (SON OF SALTRAM).

3 Ad-Libitum, Mr. Powell's, 50l. at Haverford-West. 1
4 Fair Star, Sir C. Bunbury's, 50l. and 5gs. at Newmarket. 2
5 Juniper, Major Wilson's, 100gs. 250gs. 50gs. 200gs. 37gs. and twice 100gs. at Newmarket 7

Ages. *No. of Prizes.*

4 Marmion, Sir J. Shelley's, 50l. at Newmarket; the King's Plate at Ipswich; and 100gs. at Newmarket 3
2 Miss Clarke, Mr. Lunsford's, 100gs. at Lewes.................. 1
5 Patriot, Mr. Herbert's, twice 50l. at Ipswich; 50l. at Swaffham; and 50l. at Yarmouth; Lord Suffield's, 50l. at Yarmouth; 50l. at Beccles, and two Stakes at Blickling 8
9 Prospero, Lord Sackville's, 50l. at Maddington, and 50gs. at Bibury 2
10 Rumbo, Mr. Sadler's, the Gold Cup, value 100gs. with 50gs. in specie, at Newmarket; 50l. at Oxford; the Cup, value 80gs. at Winchester; 60gs. at Brighton; 50l. and 110gs. at Egham; also 50l. at Chippenham 7
2 Sprightly, Mr. Blake's, 30gs. at Newmarket 1
3 Usquebaugh, Sir T. Stanley's, 100gs. at Knutsford 1

BY YOUNG WHISKEY (SON OF WHISKEY).

3 Antonio, Mr. Howorth's, 200gs. at Newmarket; Lord Jersey's, 100gs. and 200gs. at Newmarket 3
2 Emily, Lord Hinchinbrook's, 200gs. at Newmarket............ 1
3 Erebus, Major Wilson's, 80gs. twice 100gs. 50gs. and twice 100gs. at Newmarket.................................... 6
3 Jessamy, Sir C. Bunbury's, 50gs. at Newmarket 1
2 Kangaroo, Lord Jersey's, 100gs. at Newmarket 1

BY WINDLESTONE (SON OF MAGNET).

5 Ches. Mare, (dam by Ruler) Mr. F. Stephenson's, 50gs. at York.. 1

BY YOUNG WOODPECKER (SON OF WOODPECKER).

2 Philippic, Duke of Leeds's, 60gs. at Catterick; and 150gs. at York 2

BY WORTHY (SON OF POT8O'S).

5 Cecilia, Mr. Batson's, 100gs. at Newmarket; and 80gs. at Ascot 2
4 Medina, Mr. Ladell's, the Cup at Blickling 1
6 Musician, Lord Darlington's, 50l. and twice 200gs. at Newmarket 3

BY ZACHARIAH (SON OF KING FERGUS).

Bay Horse, Mr. Tempest's, 70gs. at Ormskirk 1

FOLEY-HUNT BALL AND SUPPER.

THIS entertainment, which has excited much conversation, took place on Monday evening, the 11th instant, and has not, we should suppose, disappointed any one. The Corporation of Worcester having politely given the use of the great room at the Town-hall to the Gentlemen of the Hunt, an artist was employed to decorate it for the occasion.

At the top of the room, between the pillars, the initials F. H. were formed by variegated lamps, and in the same situation, at the other end of the room, was a beautiful star, formed likewise by lamps; boughs of laurel were twisted round the pillars, and wreaths of the same suspended across the windows, and in various parts of the room; numerous lamps along the front of the orchestra, combined with the light from the chandeliers and girandoles, gave the room a much more brilliant appearance than usual;

al; the whole of the floor was painted in water colours, and had the appearance of being covered with a carpet.

When the whole of the company (amounting to between three and four hundred) had arrived, the *coup d'œil* was peculiarly pleasing. About nine o'clock dancing commenced, the ball being opened by Lord Foley and the Hon. Miss Lygon. About twelve o'clock the supper rooms were opened, and exhibited a profusion of the delicacies of the season, displayed in the most varied and tasteful manner, and interspersed with appropriate devices. The manner in which the tables were set off excited the admiration of every one; Lord and Lady Foley, in particular, and also the Gentlemen of the Hunt, signified their unequivocal approbation of the arrangements, which did the highest credit to the taste of Mrs. Linton, under whose direction the whole was prepared and arranged. After supper dancing recommenced, and was kept up with great spirit till about five o'clock in the morning, by which hour the principal part of the company had retired, every one highly gratified with the taste, liberality, and attention, manifested by the Gentlemen of the Hunt. Among the company present were:—

Lord and Lady Foley, Lord Deerhurst, Lord Headley, Lady Beauchamp and Hon. Miss Lygon, Sir Thomas and Lady Winnington, Sir John Dashwood, Lady Gresley, Hon. W. B. Lygon, Hon. J. Lygon, Hon. J. Coventry, and numerous other persons of distinction, forming altogether perhaps one of the most brilliant and select companies which has been for some years assembled together in that neighbourhood.

NOTICES AGAINST HUNTING.

ADVERTISEMENT FROM THE BATH CHRONICLE, JANUARY 3.

"DEPREDATIONS done by hunting, in the neighbourhood of Chilcompton—Whereas on Monday, the 17th of December inst. while the owner of an excellent pack of hounds was in Bath, a set of unthinking people followed those hounds several rings of not less than five miles in circumference, and levelled gates, stiles, and fences, in such a manner as was never seen; betwixt thirty and forty of those bright jockies (not one of them qualified for pursuing game) entered the field, some on horses well calculated to draw a nine-inch broad-wheel waggon. These followers of Actæon appeared to be only blacksmiths, colliers, chimney-sweeps, publicans, and sinners, we might call them, or they never would have run over every piece of wheat they came by. There were ten horses at a time crossing a piece of wheat of J. Chard's, at Midsomer-Norton, which, after such a flood, sunk in half way the horses' legs; therefore we the undersigned, being thus trespassed, are determined in future to prosecute every unqualified person that shall be found sporting on any of the lands belonging to us,

HENRY VAGG, of Norton-Down.
THOS. HOLLWAY, Chilcompton.
JAS. CHARD, Midsomer-Norton.

Norton-Down, Dec. 22, 1810."

ANOTHER ADVERTISEMENT FROM THE SAME PAPER OF THE 24TH OF JANUARY.

"Depredations done by hunting, in the neighbourhood of Stokelane. —Whereas on Monday, the 14th of January, 1811, a pack of hounds, said

said to belong to a gentleman of Bath, with a set of vagabonds on foot, and an idle unthinking set on horseback, made four or five rings not less than six miles in circumference, and levelled gates, stiles, and fences, in such a manner as was never before seen; not less than twenty of those idle unthinking jockies (not one of them qualified for pursuing game) entered the field, some on horses more fit to feed the hounds than follow them. Those followers of Actæon appeared to be only blacksmiths, coblers, tinkers, taylors, colliers, glaziers, horse-skinners, chimney-sweepers, bankrupts, Billingsgate fish-mongers, publicans, and sinners, I might call them, or they would never have been guilty of such depredations; for after such a severe frost, they trod the field to pieces wherever they went. I the undersigned, being thus trespassed, am determined in future to prosecute every unqualified person who shall be found sporting on any of the lands belonging to me, and the huntsman of those hounds, if he commit any trespasses as heretofore. I am well convinced that the owner of those hounds saw an advertisement dated Dec. 22, in this paper, where depredations were committed by the same huntsman and hounds, and followers; I hope in future he will not suffer his huntsman and hounds to be at the command of such a set of idle unthinking people. JOHN WEBB.

Stokelane, Jan. 19, 1811."

CHARACTER AND COSTUME
OF A
MODERN MAN OF FASHION.

AN EXTRACT.

"THIS young sprig of fashion was about nineteen years old, not very manly in his person, which was thus adorned: a pair of boots wrinkled half down his legs, disclosed his white stockings; inexpressibles, of brown kerseymere, buttoned in the front of the knee, and rose nearly to his arm-pits; three or four striped waistcoats, the size of a lady's pair of stays, were surmounted by a sort of Turkish turban worn round the neck, instead of the head, which was concealed by a slouched hat, that nearly met the corners of the shirt collar, which shaded his ears. His outer garment was a jockey frock. Thus disguised, the Marquis was seated on the dicky of the barouche, holding four-in-hand in a masterly style. Two grooms on horseback, were at the horses' heads. On the box with the Marquis sat a stout man, but the body of the carriage, which in shape resembled a hearse, was empty."

"In the name of wonder," exclaimed Edward, "can this be the costume of a young nobleman?"

"Yes, that's the morning dress of a Marquis!"

"And who is he on the box with him?"—"Guess," said the doctor; "who would you suppose now, to be the companion of a young nobleman? You perceive he is a man of some notoriety; he attracts the attention of the populace more than the Marquis."

"He is, I suppose, some public character, then?"

"You are right—he is a very striking character—for he has fought many pitched battles, and has given public lessons on the refined art of boxing. See, the Marquis is introducing the bruiser to the son of an Earl. They shake hands: now they dispute politely for the seat of honour: the Marquis arranges it: he himself keeps the

the box; the pugilist descends, and cheek by jowl he and the young Lord, are driven through the streets, by the son of a Duke. O for the pen of a Juvenal!"

PERSONAL INSULT.

Motion of Court, in the King's Bench, Jan 28, 1811.

Wilcox *v.* Gregory.

THE Attorney-General moved for a rule to shew cause why a criminal information should not be granted against Captain Gregory, of the North Gloucester Militia, for a public insult offered to —— Wilcox, Esq. of Bristol, for the purpose of provoking him to send a challenge. In 1809, Sir J. Lippincott and Captain Gregory had an information lodged against them, charging them with attempting to commit a rape upon a young woman at Bristol. Mr. Wilcox was at that time Mayor of Bristol; and in his official capacity it had become his duty to take the informations against these two gentlemen, but he did no more; and he (the Attorney-General) had reason to know, that in performing that duty Mr. Wilcox had felt every inclination to accommodate them; he had wished to admit them to bail; and it was only in consequence of the advice to the contrary given by him (the Attorney-General) to Mr. Wilcox, that they were not admitted to bail. Sir J. L. was afterwards tried before him (the Attorney-General) who presided at the trial as Recorder of Bristol, and acquitted, and very properly acquitted; Captain Gregory was not brought to trial. In doing what he had done, Mr. Wilcox had only performed his duty, and that with the greatest propriety, towards Captain Gregory. After the trial had taken place, namely, in December 1809, Mr. Wilcox was at the theatre, when Captain Gregory coming up to him in the lobby, addressed him as follows: "Wilcox, I have long wished to see you; and to tell you you are a complete blackguard and dirty scoundrel." Mr. Wilcox answered that it was not material what he said, upon which Captain Gregory repeated the words, adding, "you may take that as you please." The Attorney-General said he had the affidavit of Mr. Worral, Town Clerk of Bristol, who was present at the time, and asked Captain Gregory what he meant by applying such epithets to Mr. Wilcox? when he again repeated that Wilcox was a blackguard.

Lord Ellenborough.—I take it for granted Mr. Attorney, that it is sworn in your affidavit, that the words were not used with reference to any other transaction than that to which you have alluded.

The Attorney-General answered in the affirmative.

Lord Ellenborough.—Take your rule to shew cause.

MALTON COURSING MEETING.

THIS Meeting, which the bad weather had put off on the first week of the month, commenced on the 11th, and the fineness of the weather compensated for the delay; but as it will sometimes happen, that delays are dangerous, the attendance of members was not numerous at Malton, perhaps thinner than this meeting has almost ever had: a meeting which for thirty years in point of conviviality, in

in the fame of its greyhounds, and the excellence of its hares, has stood unrivalled.

Monday, Feb. 11.--Had no attendance of the Fox-hounds, as usual, as they were engaged near York: but on the afternoon, the following greyhounds were drawn for the Cup, and run as under:

Sir Thomas Slingsby's Serpent, beat Major Topham's dog Charcoal.

Mr. Ridley's dog, Nelson, beat Mr. Best's Adela.

Mr. Monson's Balloon, beat Mr. Hill's Daphne.

Mr. Harrison's bitch, Cora, beat Major Topham's bitch, Sylphid.

Mr. Croft's Cork, beat Sir T. Slingsby's Gib.

Mr. Best's beat Major Topham's dog, Lochinvar.

Major Bower's Blackboy, beat Mr. Best's Miss.

Either the dogs run uncommonly well, or the hares ill; as almost every hare was killed that was started. About ten matches were run up, in which Mr. Harrison's dogs chiefly distinguished themselves; but certainly the courses were not of that continuance which a *February hare*, on the High Wolds, sometimes exhibits before the best greyhounds in the world.

Wednesday being a bye day, and the Fox-hounds being also engaged near York, at Aldwark, where they had one of the most gallant runs of the season, which left a number of worthy gentlemen and horses in the back ground, nothing was done at Malton, but making matches for the ensuing November, and drawing the greyhounds for the next day: which were run on Thursday as under:—

SECOND CLASS OF WINNING DOGS.

Mr. Harrison's b. Cora, beat Major Bower's Blackboy.

Mr. Best's b. and w. b. Vesta, beat Mr. Ridley's d. Nelson.

SWEEPSTAKES.

Mr. Monson's b. d. Balloon 1
Mr. Croft's b. d. Cork 2
Sir T. Slingsby's b. d. Serpent...3

This course was a remarkably fine one, and gave a long and fair trial to the three greyhounds who ran it, and it was not easy to decide whether the first or second dog was really the best.

As there did not appear a sufficient number of matches for the Friday, it was resolved to run the whole up on that day; so that the following matches were then entered on, with the winners as under:—

POST MATCHES.

Mr. Hill against Major Topham, undecided.

Mr. Hill won from Major Topham.

Maj. Bower's Blackboy forfeited to Sir T. Slingsby's Myrtle.

Sir T. Slingsby's Farmer forfeited to Major Bower's Bumper.

POST MATCHES, BONA FIDE.

Mr. Best won from Maj. Bower.

Mr. Best won from Maj. Bower.

Mr. Harrison won from Major Topham.

Mr. Harrison's Duchess beat Mr. Croft's red and white b. Coz.

The Cup Dogs having now rerecovered themselves after their courses, were started, and after a remarkable fine course, was given as under (though the decision did not seem to meet the general approbation):—

Mr. Monson's b. d. Balloon 1
Mr. Best's y. and w. b. Vesta....2
Mr. Harrison's w. b. Cora......3

The first dog was Major Bower's breed; the two last that of Major Topham.

The day was a proof that we never should despair, for though it

began

began with a hard frost, it certainly turned out one of the best days ever remembered at Wharram, in the whole annals of their coursing; the hares running uncommonly fine, as well as the dogs.

Two new members were elected: Mr. Cholmley, of Howsham, and Mr. Thorald, of Lincolnshire.

BRADWELL COURSING.

On Tuesday, the 5th, and Wednesday, the 6th instant, the Essex gentlemen of the Bradwell Coursing Club assembled, and had two days' fine sport on the Rev. Mr. Dudley's Bradwell and Tillingham Marshes. They coursed fifty-four hares, which ran so stoutly, that only seven brace were killed in the days: there were several matches sharply contested, particularly between the high-bred greyhounds of Mr. P. L. Wright, Mr. Staines Branston, Mr. Evans, and Mr. J. Wright.

THE WILTSHIRE COURSING

Took place the second week in February, on Marlborough Downs, &c. and afforded uncommonly fine sport to numerous fields each day. —The matches were run and decided as under:—

First Day.

Mr. Woolrych's William beat Mr. Daniel's Devil.

Mr. Pickering's Pert beat Mr. Goodlake's Gazer.

Sir William Barker's Buffer beat Mr. Davenport's Dash.

Mr. Pickering's Prodigy beat Sir William Barker's Best.

Mr. Woolrych's Wag agst Sir William Barker's Bell—undecided.

Mr. Davenport's Dimple beat Mr. Goodlake's Gossip.

Mr. Pickering's Penelope beat Mr. Goodlake's Guinea Pig.

Mr. Davenport's Drab beat Mr. Pickering's Pell-Mell.

Mr. Daniel's Distance agst Mr. Goodlake's Gelart—undecided.

Mr. Pickering's Perviz beat Mr. Davenport's Drone.

Mr. Goodlake's Guinea Pig beat Mr. Davenport's Danger.

Second Day.

Mr. Woolrych's Willing agst Mr. Daniel's Driver—undecided.

Sir William Barker's Buffer beat Mr. Davenport's Dart.

Mr. Pickering's Pell-Mell beat Mr. Goodlake's Gazer.

Sir William Barker's Best beat Mr. Davenport's Daphne.

Mr. Goodlake's Glory agst Mr. Craven's Croney—undecided.

Mr. Woolrych's William beat Mr. Pickering's Pantaloon.

Mr. Goodlake's Glory beat Mr. Davenport's Doctor.

Mr. Davenport's Drill beat Mr. Daniel's Distance.

Mr. Pickering's Pert beat Mr. Davenport's Drab.

Mr. Davenport's Danger beat Mr. Daniel's Devil.

ACCOUNT OF JOSEPH PAISLEY,

the Gretna Green Coupler.

The deceased Joseph Paisley, of coupling celebrity, was born on the borders of England, in the year 1728, or 1729, at the obscure hamlet of Lenoxtown, about a mile distance from Gretna Green; at which place and at Springfield (its immediate neighbourhood) the subject of this memoir half a century continued to weld together the chains of matrimony, to render happy or miserable great multitudes of anxious lovers.—Early in life, Paisley was apprentice to a tobacconist; but becoming disgusted with this employment, he changed it for that of a fisherman, and was

was allowed by his brethren to bear the palm on all occasions where strength and agility were required. It was in this humble capacity that he was initiated into the secrets of a profession, which he managed with such address. He had formed a connection with one Walter Cowford, who lived very near to Sarkfoot, upon the sea-shore; and who, though strange it may appear, was both a *smuggler* and a *priest*.—Old Watty had the misfortune to be but indifferently lodged, having "a reeky house," and what is perhaps worse, a scolding wife, so that he was necessitated to perform the marriage ceremony on the open beach, among the furze, or as it is provincially called *whins*: on these occasions young Paisley officiated as clerk. But our hero had ambition, and he only wanted an opportunity for its exertion.—An opportunity soon offered itself:—one time Watty went to the Isle of Man, for the purpose of fetching over a cargo of contraband brandy; whilst his assistant remained at home to perform the necessary rites during the absence of the former. Finding that he could rivet the matrimonial band equally as well as his master, and being at the same time under some pecuniary embarrassment, he began business on his own account, and by his ability and address soon overcame all competition.

About the year 1794, he was served with a subpœna to give evidence at Bristol respecting the validity of a marriage. It was expected by thousands that the event of the trial would put an end to *Joe's* matrimonial career: the contrary, however, took place; for by his dexterous management, he not only succeeded in rendering the match valid, but was enabled to follow his favourite profession with encreased security. During this journey he visited the metropolis, where he was much noticed by the nobility and gentry. Had he been of a covetous disposition, he might have accumulated a considerable fortune; but since the time to which we allude, he had never been distant a single mile from Springfield.

Of Joseph's personal strength, there are many well authenticated accounts; his strength of arm was prodigious—he could have taken a large oaken stick by the end, and continued to shake it to and fro, until it went to pieces in the air! The excellence of his constitution was likewise often tried; though it must be allowed that his intemperance was proverbial, yet he reached his 82d year. He was accustomed to relate with great pleasure a celebrated achievement in which he and a jovial companion, a horse-breaker, were once engaged, when they consumed the amazing quantity of *ten gallons of pure brandy* in the short space of sixty hours; and what is more, these two thirsty souls kicked the empty cask in pieces with their feet, for having run dry so soon.—It may be conjectured that the conversation of such a character could not be very engaging; juvenile feats of activity and his beloved brandy formed the chief topics of his discourse, which, until very lately, never turned upon religious subjects.

But let justice be done to the character of the man. It must be allowed, indeed, that he was too fond of a stoop of liquor, and was of coarse and unpolished manners; but was not addicted, as reported, to prophane talking and obscene discourse; without hazard

zard of contradiction, it may be averred, that he was a very honest and charitable man, and an inoffensive neighbour, and that he was generally respected by all who knew him.

Paisley is succeeded in the capacity of coupler by a young man, a friend of his; and there is no fear that the business will fall off, as three weddings have already taken place since the interment of the old man.

LIST OF STALLIONS TO COVER IN ENGLAND, &c. IN 1811.

With an Account of the Places where they are stationed, Prices, and Pedigrees.

Continued from page 170.

ARCHDUKE, at Pudington, near Chester, at 5gs. and 10s. 6d.—By Archduke, (Brother to Stamford), out of an own Sister to Beningbrough, by King Fergus.

ARABIAN, a beautiful Grey, fifteen hands and an inch high, remarkably handsome, and full of bone—thought by superior judges to be the best-actioned Arabian that ever came into England;—at Cannons, near Edgeware and Stanmore, nine miles from London, at 5gs. and 10s. 6d.

BRAINWORM, at Boroughbridge, Yorkshire, at 6gs. and 10s. 6d.—By Buzzard; dam by Skyscraper, out of Isabel, by Woodpecker.

CÆSARIO, at Carlton, near Newmarket, at 10gs. and 10s. 6d.—By John Bull, out of Olivia, by Justice.

DICK ANDREWS, at Bishop-Burton, near Beverley, Yorkshire, at 10gs. and 10s. 6d.—By Joe Andrews; dam by Highflyer.

DITTO DITTO, at Snitterfield, near Stratford-on-Avon, at 10gs. and 5s.—Own Brother to Walton, by Sir Peter.

DOUBTFUL, at Great Barford, near Banbury, Oxfordshire, at 10gs. and a half.—By Constitution; dam by Amaranthus; grand dam by Mr. Hutton's Silvio, out of Daphne, by Regulus.

EAGLE, at Newmarket Farm, Finchley, Middlesex, 45 mares, (exclusive of the Owner's) at 21gs. —By Volunteer; dam by Highflyer, Engineer.

ENCHANTER, at Morton, the same place as Remembrancer, at 1g. and a crown.—By Orpheus, out of Tuberose, by King Herod.

FELIX, at the same place as Julius Cæsar; thorough-bred Mares gratis, and Country Mares at 1g. each.—He is a bright-blood Bay Arabian, of great strength and power:—He was sent as a present by the Grand Vizier to General Sir John Stuart, as the best-bred horse that could be procured in Arabia.

FOXBERRY, at East Coker, near Yeovil, Somerset, at 5gs. and 5s.—By Screveton, out of Sandhopper, (Sister to Beningbrough) by King Fergus.

GAMENUT, at Cheam, near Epsom, at 5gs. and 5s.—By Walnut; dam, Contessina, by Young Marsk, out of Tuberose, by King Herod, Starling, &c.

GNAT-HO! at Thatcham, near Newbury, Berks, at 5gs. and 5s.—By Sir Peter, out of Gnat, by Florizel, King Herod, Match'em, Blank.

GOLUMPUS, at Low-Catton, near Kexby-Bridge, near York, at 3gs. and a half.—By Gohanna, out of Catherine, (Sister to Colibri, the dam of Canopus, &c.) by Woodpecker, &c.

GUILDFORD, at the same place as Ditto Ditto, at 5gs. and a crown. —By

—By Highflyer, out of Nina, by Eclipse.

HAPHAZARD, at the same place as Eagle, 45 Mares, (exclusive of the Owner's) at 13gs.—By Sir Peter; dam, Miss Hervey, by Eclipse, out of Clio, by Young Cade.

HEDLEY, at Wingfield Place, near Windsor, Berks, at 5gs. and a half.—By Gohanna, out of Golumpus's dam.

JULIUS CÆSAR, at Cottesmere, in Rutland, at 3gs. and a crown. —By Alexander, out of Constantia, by Sir Peter, Squirrel, &c.

KITE, at Hutton-Ambo, near Malton, Yorkshire, at 5gs. and a half.—By Buzzard, out of Calash, by King Herod, Match'em, &c.

LIGNUM-VITÆ, at Pave-Lane, near Newport, Shropshire, at 3gs. and a crown.—By Walnut; dam, Miss Judy, by Alfred, out of Manilla, by Goldfinder, Old England, &c.

MALTONIAN, at Middleham, Yorkshire, at 3gs. and a crown.—By King Fergus, out of Fanny, (Hippona's dam) by Weasel.

NEWCASTLE, at the Turf Coffee-House, Newton, Lancashire, at 6gs. and a half.—By Waxy; dam by Woodpecker, Match'em, &c.

ORLANDO, at Swarkstone, near Derby, at 6gs. and a half.—By Whiskey; dam, Amelia, by Highflyer, out of Miss Timms, (Sister to Maiden and Purity) by Match'em.

PODARGUS, at Henham-Hall, near Wangford, Suffolk, at 10gs. and a half.—By Worthy; dam, Prunella, (Pope and Pledge's dam) by Highflyer, out of Promise, by Snap, Blank, &c.

QUIZ, at the same place and price as Podargus.—By Buzzard, out of Miss West, by Match'em, Regulus, Crab, Childers, Basto.

REMEMBRANCER, at Morton, three miles from Northallerton, Yorkshire, at 10gs. and a half.—By Pipator, out of Queen Mab, by Eclipse, Tartar, &c.

ROCKINGHAM, at Squire-Pastures, near Leeds, Yorkshire, at 3gs. and half-a-crown.—By Beningbrough; dam by Drone, Magnet, Eclipse, &c.

RUBENS, at Wheeler's Farm, near Wokingham, Berks, at 13gs. Own Brother to Selim and Castrel, by Buzzard; dam by Alexander, Highflyer, Alfred, Engineer, &c.

SCREVETON, at Malton, Yorkshire, at 5gs. and a half.—Own Brother to Diamond, &c. by Highflyer; dam by Match'em, &c.

SELIM, at Newmarket, at 21gs. —Own Brother to Rubens, &c.

SIR ANDREW, at Sandtoft-Grove, near Doncaster, Yorkshire, at 5gs. and a half.—By Hambletonian, out of Evelina, (Orville's dam) by Highflyer, &c.

SIR CHARLES, at Ainderby-Steeple, near Northallerton, Yorkshire, at 5gs. and a crown.—By the late Arabian Selim; dam, Lavinia, by King Fergus; Camilla, by Snap; Pyrrha, by Match'em, out of Mr. Fenwick's Duchess.

SIR SOLOMON, at Sandbeck, seven miles from Bawtry, Yorkshire, at 10gs. and a half.—By Sir Peter; dam, Matron, by Florizel, out of Maiden, (Sister to Purity) by Match'em, Squirt, &c.

SORCERER, at Great Barton, Bury St. Edmund's, Suffolk, 40 Mares, (exclusive of those of his Owner's) at 25gs. and 1g.—By Trumpator, out of Young Giantess, (the dam of Eleanor, &c.) by Diomed, Match'em, &c.

STARLING, at the same place as Ditto Ditto and Guildford, at 5gs. and a crown.—By Sir Peter, out of

of a Sister to Windlestone, by Magnet, Le Sang, Rib, &c.

TEDDY THE GRINDER, at Morton's Hunting Stables, Croydon; thorough-bred Mares 5gs. and half-a-guinea; hunting Mares, that are not thorough bred, at 3gs. and 5s.—By Asparagus; dam, Stargazer, by Highflyer; grand dam, Miss West, by Match'em.

TICKET, at Toddington-Park, near Uppingham, Rutlandshire—five Mares, (besides those of his Owner) at 10gs. each.—By Orpheus, out of Beningbrough's dam.

TOTTERIDGE, at Mr. Bott's, Totteridge, near Barnet, Herts, at 5gs. and a half.—By Dungannon; dam, Marcella, by Mambrino; Medëa, by Sweetbriar, out of Angelica, by Snap.

TRAVELLER, at Castle-Howard, Yorkshire, at 3gs. and a crown.—By Highflyer, out of a Sister to Proserpine, by Henricus.

VOLUNTEER, at Cannons, near Edgware, Middlesex, at 10gs. and a half.—By Eclipse, out of Mr. O'Kelly's Old Tartar Mare, the dam of Jupiter, Mercury, Queen Mab, &c.

WALTON, at Gipping-Hall, near Stowmarket, fifteen miles from Ipswich, at 15gs. and a half.—By Sir Peter; dam by Dungannon, Prophet, out of Virago, (Saltram's dam) by Snap.

WAXY, at Euston, near Thetford, Norfolk, thirty Mares, by Subscription, at 25gs. each, and 1g. the groom, besides ten others (and bona-fide no more) at his Owner's disposal.—By Pot8o's; dam, Maria, by King Herod, out of Lisette, by Snap.

ZODIAC, at the same place and price as Podargus and Quiz.—By St. George, out of Abigail, by Woodpecker, Eclipse, &c.

FOX-HUNTING.

IN WALES.

ON Thursday, the 24th ult. a fox was unkenneled at Ystradgunlais, in the county of Brecon, which was pursued by a number of men on foot to the extremity of the parish of Lloughor, in Glamorganshire, where reynard became quite exhausted, and was killed, after a chase, which, in a direct line, was not less than thirty miles, but in the winding direction which the fox took is supposed to be nearly fifty miles. The pursuers were all in at the death, but could not muster a hat or shoe amongst them, so eagerly had they followed their game, and the dogs were completely knocked up. The hardy fellows, after taking some refreshments, set out on their return home.

CRANBOURNE CHASE, DORSET.

The Cranbourne Chase fox-hounds had, on Wednesday, the 23d ult. one of the finest runs ever known in the Chase. They found, late in the day, in West Walk; the scent at first bad, but after some rain falling, it got better, and the fox being pressed, took to the downs, near Fontmell, sunk the vale to Sutton and Iwern, where being checked by a shepherd, he returned to the Chase by Sir Arthur Paget's Lodge, passed at the head of Gonville parish, through the woods by Ashmore, to the downs again, and took over the whole length of the Wind-greens, through Ashcombe to Rushmore; and taking a turn there, broke away again by Bridmore, back to Ashmore again, where he went to earth, after it was dark. He was supposed to have run more than thirty miles.

All the hounds were together on the earth; and the sportsmen in at the last were, General Crosby, Mr. Bakewell Parsons, the Rev. Messrs. Grove and Napier, and the huntsman and whipper-in.

The same pack had another excellent day's sport on Tuesday, the 11th instant. They met at Pimperne Wood about half past ten, where they instantly unkenneled a fox, which broke cover in view over the new inclosures for the Chase, when, after a most severe burst of twenty-five minutes, they run into him, without a single check or turn. Whilst they were eating him, another fox was hallooed at a distance; the hounds were laid on the scent within a quarter of an hour, when, after a little cold hunting, they got up to him in West Walk; from whence he took over the open country to Ashmore, skirting Fontmell Woods, on the Shaftesbury Downs, where he was headed back into the Chase; when, after running through it full ten miles in length, he broke over the Downs through Little Wood, opposite Chettle-house; the hounds being then close at him, he left it and leaped the wall into Eastbury-park for the plantations, where they ran into him, near the green house, after three hours and forty minutes' hard running. Whilst they were in the plantations, a fresh fox broke cover, and ran over the inclosures at Tarrant Hinton, crossed the road over the water meadows for Hinton Down, skirting the bushes for the plantations at Gunville, turning back into Pimperne Wood, where he ran for two hours; he then broke cover, crossing the inclosures into Gunville parish, through Eastbury-park, where he ran for some time in the plantations; being distressed, he left it and leaped the park wall into Little Wood, where such confusion and distress ensued with horses, hounds, and fox, as was never before witnessed, each being so completely tired and exhausted that it appeared almost impossible to maintain the contest longer. The fox was then hallooed in the parish of Chettle, so tired and distressed that he died before the hounds could get up to him, a quarter before six in the evening. Thus, after seven hours and a half hard riding and good running, the hounds returned to their kennel, having killed three foxes, and afforded the best sport ever remembered, without the loss of a single hound. The gentlemen present at the latter end of the day were Sir John Rogers, Messrs. H. and P. Parsons, Mr. Strangways, the Rev. J. Napier, the huntsman, and whipper-in.

ESSEX.

The Essex Fox-hounds, under the management of Colonel Cook, had one of the severest runs on Saturday, the 26th of January, ever known in Essex. They met at Leading Wood, about three miles from Fifield. The frost being very hard, the hounds did not throw into cover till half past twelve o'clock; after drawing the small covers near Leading Rothing without success, the Colonel trotted on to a cover about seven miles from the place of meeting, called Brick-hills, where they soon found. The fox immediately broke cover and made for Norwood, where he was headed and went back to Brick-hills; from thence to a favourite cover called Manwood, from whence he broke over the open country and made for Lord Maynard's Highwoods towards Dunmow,

Dunmow, but being hard pressed, was not able to reach the cover, and he turned to the right over the Rothings, and at the end of one hour and fifty minutes hard running, they killed him in a meadow near Aylthorp Rothing. This severe chase proves the stoutness of the Rothing foxes, for out of fifty horsemen at starting, only nine were in at the death.

BURTON HUNT.

Mr. Osbaldeston's hounds had two extraordinary days on Monday the 4th, and Tuesday the 5th instant. On Monday, owing to the frost, they did not meet till one o'clock; when they found in a wood called "Tunman's Wood," about half past one. The fox immediately ran to an adjoining wood, about two miles distant, and after running twice round it, returned to the same wood he was found in; and again broke over at the same point, but flew his country; and after running till half-past five, when the company could no longer see, they whipt off near thirty miles from where he was found. The next day, the above hounds happened to meet according to notice, near where they left off the preceding evening, at a favourite gorse in the middle of a fine grass country. They found immediately, and the fox broke instantaneously, forming a considerable ring, when he took nearly the same line as was run the day before, finishing within eight miles of Tunman's Wood, where they found the day before, and ran him to ground. This last run was so excessively sharp, that only three horses out of fifty were near at the time the fox was run to ground. This run was supposed to be not less than twenty miles, and fifteen from the gorse he was found in. This celebrated pack have had several similar days of late, and on the whole had such sport as seldom is witnessed in that country, or, we believe, in any other.

On the Thursday and Saturday in the succeeding week, each day's sport with the above hounds was far superior to the two preceding ones. On Thursday they had a run of thirty miles straight away, and lost in a village. After which they ran from a large wood over a most beautiful grass country, twenty miles as the crow flies, and killed the fox in an open field, within three miles of an immense wood. Only six horses out of a very extensive field, were in at the death. —On the Saturday following, these hounds ran one hour and forty minutes, and not less than sixteen miles, over a very fine grass country, and killed the fox in an open field. After which they immediately found again, and after a rún of an hour and twenty minutes, ran to ground. On Monday the 11th, they had a very severe run of fifty minutes, straight away, and killed the fox in an open field. And on Wednesday the 13th, they met at a favourite gorse, and run one hour excessively hard, and earthed; after which they burst a fox in twenty-five minutes, across a most superb grass country, and ran into him in open field. The sport this celebrated pack have had this season, is beyond all equal; and certainly such as never was witnessed.

CATTISTOCK HUNT, DORSET.

Our dashing fashionables and military sportsmen, (says the writer of a letter from Weymouth), frequently join the Cattistock Hunt, and

and take advantage of the most excellent sport it affords, as well as the hospitality of Mr. Farquharson, the spirited proprietor of this much-famed pack of fox-hounds. On Wednesday, the 6th instant, they threw off from their western kennel at the Frampton Plantations, where they shortly killed a brace of stout dog foxes; from whence they drew on to Bruxton Furze, where they found, and went away in a capital style for Compton Earths, from thence by the Roman Road to Whyn Holes, near Winford, and on to Maiden Newton, where they experienced a short check, which was highly advantageous to several horsemen, but in particular to the nag of a much-famed *aquatic medical* sportsman, by affording him time to recover his wind; the fault was shortly hit off, and away the pack flew by Chellfroom Down, Swan Holes, Charsmarle, near Evershot to Woolcombe, through Hayden, over the hill into Great Sydling Wood, where, after running short a few minutes, pug fell a well-earned prize to the staunch-mettled hounds.

On Saturday, the 9th, the hounds threw off at Princes Wood, where they again shortly unkenneled a capital fox (as the few horses out, could they tell the story, would readily confess); after taking a short ring near the wood, Pug gallantly faced the wide commons by Holnest; and suffice it to say, that without a check the pack carried him through Whitfield, over Thornford-hill, by Clifton Wood, to earth. The country was so wet, that in this day's sport it was impossible for any horseman fairly to lay with the hounds, and the danger of water immersions appeared in this chase to be carefully avoided, by those sportsmen who had previously felt them. On Monday, the 11th, the pack soon found at Melbury Wood, and after taking one turn round the park, reynard broke away for Bursdown, Halstock, Leigh, Clarkham, Parson's Copse, Evershot, Melbury Moor, Bub Down, and seemed to be endeavouring to reach Whitfield, but about a mile short of the cover, this noble pack of hounds gallantly ran into him. This day's sport was most excellent.

On Wednesday, the 13th, they again unkenneled a stout fox at Winford Wood, and after one of the finest runs ever experienced in this country, killed at Sydling, without a check, having gaily stood before them a long chase, and throwing out every horseman except Lord Ilchester and Mr. Farquharson, who were only in at the death.

LORD DARLINGTON'S FOX-HOUNDS.

On Tuesday, February 12, his Lordship's hounds met at Langton, and tried the plantations at that place, Whitwell Whin and Moor, but without success; found in Uckerby Whin, and after a very short and severe burst, lost (in the midst of a violent shower of rain) near Middleton Tyas. Tried Halnaby Whin, and found immediately; broke away at the north side, and went over the inclosures, at a most tremendous pace, to Hinkle Whin; from this cover he was instantly hallooed away pointing for Cliffe; was headed, and came round by Barton, Barton Grange, to within a short distance of Croft, and then scorning to own the cover, went straight to North Cowton, through Uckerby Whin, crossed the Moulton road, past Cowton Grange, and ran into him on the lawn at Halnaby. What is surprising,

prising, only one of this celebrated pack was missing at his death.—This run lasted, without a check, for one hour and twenty-seven minutes, over one of the deepest countries, with the largest fences, in the Raby Hunt, and never were so many horses so completely beat; for out of a numerous field of above 100 horsemen, that started, the following were only up at the conclusion:—

Lord Darlington on Lady Killer; Mr. Witham on Richmond Lass; Captain Healey on John O'Gaunt; Mr. Allan on The Bird; Major Parker on Mary Grey; Mr. F. Hartley on Trumpeter; Mr. Davison on Blue Beard; Mr. Wetenhall on Hopewell; Mr. Hewett on Gabriel.

The gentlemen present, and those who came up shortly afterwards, were entertained most hospitably at the old family mansion, by Sir Ralph Milbanke.

MORE SKATING IN THE ISLE OF ELY.

ON Wednesday, the 30th of January, a match for four guineas was skated for on the County Wash, near Mepal, in the said isle, between Green, of March, a well-known runner, and Purrant, of Earith; the distance was two miles: this race was won by the former in good style.—Even betting at starting; after the race, Green offered to run any man in England excepting Thompson.

On the same day, and on the same course, another match was skated for between Bell, a Mepal man, and a man of the name of Wiseman, out of Norfolk; which was won by the former. The race was run over again (the second time) with the wind, which was won by the latter. It was difficult to say which of the men would win this race, had not Bell fallen down when he was within five yards of the flag: they were both level when he fell, and bets were in his favour. We may safely say there has not been a race run so hard for many years past.

On the same day two other matches for twenty pounds were finally made, to take place the day following, between Smith and Drake, Chatteris men, against Purrant and Bavin. Smith and Bavin met on the ice the next morning, but Purrant and Drake never came forward, therefore they claimed forfeit of Drake and Purrant.—Smith then challenged Bavin to run him for the money which Bavin and Drake were to run for, but Bavin declined running Smith, and claimed forfeit from Drake.—We understand there were several other matches run lower in the Fens, but we are not able to procure the particulars.

CAPTAIN HAWKER'S JOURNAL.

A Thin octavo has been published, the title of which is "Journal of a Regimental Officer during the recent Campaign in Portugal and Spain under Lord Viscount Wellington, with a correct Plan of the Battle of Talavera." This interesting book, though containing very little applicable to sporting, has nevertheless many amusing anecdotes, &c. It is, as we have premised above, (though there is no name to it), the production of Captain Hawker, of the 14th light dragoons. The journal gives an account of the author's departure from Falmouth in November

ber 1808, and is continued to his return to Portsmouth on the 27th of September 1810. The military movements of the British army, with the battles of the Douro and Talavera, in which the author was personally engaged, constitute its chief feature. We have extracted a few of the anecdotes, and shall conclude with a description of the battle of the Douro, reserving some few others, and Talavera, until next month.

"*Dec.* 28, 1808.—Went to the play at Lisbon. The theatre is in every respect inferior to those of our metropolis. The entertainments of the evening consisted of a comedy, which was performed with a great deal of low buffoonery, followed by a ballet. The dancers, both male and female, displayed great agility and strength of muscle; but of the *materials required to captivate* they were certainly not in possession; gracefulness was deficient. The scenery was wretched in the extreme; the most I can say of the performance must be in favour of the orchestra; as the few musicians who composed it played with more attention and expression than our London fiddlers, who emphatically call themselves professors of music."

"*December* 31*st.*—Went to the Italian opera at St. Carlos, which is considered the most fashionable entertainment in Lisbon. The house is good, but in point of decoration inferior to ours. The orchestra department, consisting of near forty musicians, was most ably conducted; but the singing by no means equal to what I had been led to expect. The vocal performers displayed no execution, and, with the exception of two or three leading characters, were alike deficient in taste and expression. The disciples of Terpischore, so far as *nature* was concerned, were extremely awkward; and though I allow their dancing to be good, yet their thick ancles and robust limbs rather excited laughter than admiration. The *chef d'œuvre,* however, compensated for all defects: I mean, their style of action in the *ballet,* which was graceful and expressive."

"*January* 9, 1809.——Having procured an interpreter, a party of us crossed the Tagus, and landed in Port Brandon, opposite Belem Castle. Nearly four miles up the road, there is a tract of wood, about eight leagues in circumference, called the King's Forest. This excursion was made for a day's sport with the Portuguese game, hearing that the forest abounded with red-legged partridges and woodcocks, and knowing that it formerly was one of the Prince Regent's favourite beats when he went for a *grande chasse.* We, however, found nothing the whole day but a few rabbits, and returned without getting a shot. In the course of our walk, we passed several plants which had been grubbed up, and discovered places where wild boars had lately been. Notwithstanding our game-bags were empty, we returned pleased with the excursion, as the scenery made amends for our bad sport."

"*March* 7*th.*—A party of us went out with guns, accompanied by a priest, who, so far as we could understand him, promised to shew us plenty of game. We saw nothing all the day but one hare*,

* The hares of Portugal are nearly the size of ours: their fur is much longer, and in some parts darker: they have a great deal of white in the fore-quarters.

and

and returned quite fatigued, inviting his Reverence to dinner; who so readily agreed to attack our mutton, that I suspect he made the shooting party only with that intention."

"11*th*.—A second attempt was made; and a bandy-legged fellow hired, who was considered the Nimrod of the place, and kept two hounds. These animals were broken in to draw on birds; and though they never came to a dead point, they gave the shooter plenty of time to get up. Our usual bad sport attended us. Though we found about twelve brace of partridges, the weather was so stormy, they were the whole day on the run, and, in spite of every manœuvre, we could not even get a snap-shot. Our *chasse* ended in the destruction of a Portuguese owl, which flew from under a heap of stones. This bird was scarcely bigger than a fieldfare: its eyes were immensely large, and of a bright yellow: in plumage it nearly resembled our common brown owl. It ran nearly as fast as a partridge, and flew like a woodpecker.

"In the evening we went out with casting nets, but the stream appeared to contain nothing but a few small fish, like bleak."

"27*th*.—Went on a Portuguese sporting party—that is, with about a dozen shooters; attended by all the rabble of the village, armed with sticks and poles; and followed by an immense pack of dogs, consisting of every description of mongrel that can be hallooed together. This procession is closed by a senhor rat-catcher, who, with his bag of ferrets, brings up the rear; and this *they* call hunting! I was provided with one of their best guns, which, from appearance, one would hardly know whether to prefer firing it off, or being shot at with it. Finding no *other game*, I mustered courage to try a shot at a few small birds, and found it killed tolerably well.—Our *chasse* ended, as shooting *parties* usually do,—in bringing home nothing, and a *set-to* at eating and drinking. However, there was no great chance of sport; as we only saw some birds, very wild, and a rabbit, bolted by a ferret in cover."

BATTLE OF THE DOURO.

"*May* 12*th*.——At day-break, General Murray ordered out the picquet; and, moving on, with a subaltern and a few men, for the purpose of reconnoitring, left the remainder about a mile in advance from where we had been posted. We soon heard that the French who had engaged us were beyond the Douro, having blown up the bridge, and taken refuge in Oporto.

"In a few hours we were informed that Sir Arthur intended passing the river that day; and our Major came forward to take command of the right squadron.—General Paget being in our front, with a strong division of infantry and artillery, we crossed the Douro about twelve o'clock, accompanied by General Murray's brigade, consisting of the whole Hanoverian legion. Our passage of the river was effected about a league above Oporto: and the other brigades (in line with our left) crossed the river at the same time.—On landing, our position was taken on a height, where we had an uninterrupted view of the town, and of the direct attack made by General Paget's division, which by this time had nearly driven the enemy from the suburbs. The remainder of the engagement consisted chiefly in skir-

skirmishing among stone walls and broken rocks, with which the country is much intersected.—We could see for several miles in every direction, and distinctly observe the whole of the enemy's cavalry retreating. Orders were then given for an attempt to cut off some of the rear troops; but these orders were recalled before the squadron had proceeded a quarter of a mile, as the General soon perceived that the enemy's covering party was too strong for us.

"After rejoining the German legion battalions on the height, we descended to the valley, making a flank movement for some distance parallel to the Douro, with a view of advancing as a reserve in the rear of those engaged.—While General Murray was making a momentary reconnoitre, a staff-officer came up, with the information that one of our regiments was very hard pressed, and that the cavalry must advance immediately for its support. On this, we hastened forward as fast as was possible from the nature of the ground; and, after surmounting many impediments among the stone walls, got into the main road, on reaching the outskirts of the town.—Our infantry here extended along the road. We then, forming up in threes, passed all our lines at a full gallop; whilst they greeted us with one continued huzza. Going almost at speed, enveloped in a cloud of dust, for nearly two miles, we cleared *our* infantry, and that of the *French appeared*. A strong body was drawn up in close column, with bayonets ready to receive us in front. On each flank of the road was a stone wall, bordered outwardly by trees; with other walls, projecting in various directions; so as to give every advantage to the operations of infantry, and to screen those by whom we were annoyed. On our left, in particular, numbers were posted in a line, with their pieces rested on the wall which flanked the road, ready to give us a running fire in passing. This could not but be effectual, as our left men by threes were very near the muzzles of the muskets, which were barely out of the reach of a *coup de sabre*. In a few seconds, the ground was covered with men and horses: notwithstanding these obstacles, we penetrated the battalion opposed to us; the men of which, relying on their bayonets, did not give way till we were close upon them, when they did so in great confusion; then rallied; and for some time a contest was kept up hand to hand, and, whilst it lasted, was severe.

"After many efforts, we succeeded in cutting off about three hundred, most of whom were secured as prisoners: but our own loss was very considerable. Our squadron consisted of scarcely *forty* file; and the brunt of the action, of course, fell the heaviest on the troop in front: of the *fifty-two* men composing it, ten were killed, eleven severely wounded (besides others slightly), and six taken prisoners; of the *four* officers engaged, *three* were on the wounded list.—For my own part, my horse being shot under me, the moment after a ball had grazed my upper lip, I had to scramble on foot, amidst the killed and wounded—upon whom the enemy, from the side walls, were continually firing—and thus effected my escape from this *agreeable* situation. On the approach of our infantry, the French brigade was compelled to retire. Our few remaining men, coming threes about, brought with them the prisoners in triumph.

"Our

SETTER HOWLING. (LEFT at HOME.)

"Our commanding officer and squadron had the satisfaction of receiving thanks from the commander in chief. On the merits of the charge, the comment of the French general ought not to be omitted: he sent for our men (who were his prisoners, but afterwards escaped), and declared to them, that, in his opinion, "we must have all been drunk, or mad; as the brigade we had attacked was nearly two thousand strong." On returning, we met the second squadron, about a mile in the rear, which had passed the river, and was hastening to our support, though too late: our third was still on the other side the water: and the fourth being detached, we had only *one squadron* that came into the above action. *Two* were mentioned in the dispatches.

"The town of Oporto, to which we retired, exhibited a scene of the greatest confusion: the streets being strewed with dead horses and men, and the gutters dyed with blood.—This night the town was illuminated, in honour of our success. The effect, however, could not be very brilliant, as the late exactions of the French had left the poor inhabitants in a state to testify their joy more by good-will than deed.

"All the night, and half the next day, was employed in seeking our wounded, who had been taken into different houses on the road.

"So wholly unexpected was our forcing the passage of the Douro on the 12th, that the French were totally unprepared for us, and Marshal Soult was *roused from his dinner* to put his plans of defence in execution: but of how little avail was this defence, and to how short a time protracted!—In their precipitate retreat, the enemy abandoned a large proportion of artillery, with ordnance stores, ammunition, and baggage."

SETTER HOWLING,

(LEFT AT HOME.)

An Etching by Mr. Howitt.

WE here present another of Mr. Howitt's etchings.—The performances of this artist have been so frequently *before*, and their merits so justly appreciated *by*, the public, that we deem it altogether unnecessary to offer a word more concerning them.

DECISION OF THE JOCKEY-CLUB.

Mr. Shaw's Bay Malton, the 70l. Plate at Newton—Egerton's Cestrian, the 70l. at Preston—Hutchinson's Preston-Lad, the 50gs. at Ormskirk.

AN application having been made to the Jockey-Club at Newmarket, respecting the King's Plate run for at Warwick, last year, (see our Magazine for Nov. page 54), and the same being referred to the Master of the Horse, his Lordship has ordered the Plate to be divided between Mr. Fletcher and Mr. Douglas:—the horse entered for it by the description of a "bay gelding, by Worthy, 4 years old," having been proved to be the bay gelding *Hylas*, 6 years old.—Therefore Mr. Shaw's Bay Malton is the winner of the 70l. Plate at Newton; Mr. Hewett's Lingodell, the 70l. at Lancaster; Mr. Egerton's Cestrian, the 70l. at Preston; and Mr. R. Hutchinson's, the 50gs. at Ormskirk.—Mr. Gorwood's Shakspeare ran only one heat for the Maiden 50l. at Lancaster, therefore that Plate cannot be claimed.

FEAST OF WIT.

THE fashionable hours of time were neatly censured by Mr. Pitt.—"Pitt," said the Duchess of Gordon, "I wish you *would dine* with me at *ten* o'clock this evening."—"I must decline the honour," said he, "as I am engaged to *sup* with the Bishop of Lincoln at *nine*."

A new Mode of challenging a Jury.—An Irish gentleman previous to a trial in which he was defendant, was informed by his counsel, that if there were any of the Jury, to whom he had any personal objections, to legally *challenge them*—"By — and so I will," replied he, "if they don't bring me off handsomely, I will *challenge* every man of them."

"As you do not belong to my parish," said a clergyman to a begging sailor, with a wooden leg, "you cannot expect that I should relieve you."—"Sir," said the sailor with a noble air, "I lost my leg fighting for *all parishes*."

"Waiter," said a traveller at a country-inn, "bring me a newspaper."—"Sir," said the waiter, "we are badly off for papers at present. The *Day* is lost, we have no *Sun*, the captain of a ship is reading the *Pilot*, and the only paper you can have is an old *Times*."

Cross Readings.—The principal partner in a great *porter* brewery—was sworn, and took his seat as member for *Alesbury*.

A small whale was lately picked up off the coast of Scotland—the coroner's jury returned a verdict of "*found drowned*."

A new bank was lately opened at —— *** No money to be returned.

The pregnancy of Buonaparte's new wife is now officially announced——it was discovered to have been perpetrated by a servant in the family.

The Speaker's public dinners will commence next week—admittance three shillings while the animals are feeding.

It is said that Mr. Cobbett wishes——to retire immediately to his seat in the country.

Last week a poor woman was safely delivered of——one serjeant, one corporal, and thirteen rank and file.

The late *love-feasts* at the tabernacle were numerously attended—several members paired off early in the evening.

In the present scarcity of labourers to get in the harvest——J. L. *corn-cutter* and tooth-drawer offers his services.

Notwithstanding the assertions of the opposition prints, the late majorities in the House of Commons prove, beyond a doubt, that ——all orders are executed for ready-money only.

A NEW and extraordinary *Member* appeared in the House of Lords the other night. A black *Tom Cat* made his *entree* a little after prayers, without any ceremony

ny, or formal introduction. His *motions* were attended to with as much earnestness as if Oliver Cromwell had risen from the dead, and shewn himself *in propria persona*. From the nature of the animal, it was supposed he would take his seat on the *cross* Bench. This, however, he declined.—Neither did he honour the ministerial nor the opposition benches with a preference; but after making a tour of the House, he made his *exit* with as little ceremony as he made his *entree*. Some people think there was something very ominous in the appearance of this strange visitor. In the precedent of 1789, so much elied upon by Ministers, there is certainly nothing like it, although it must be allowed that Lord Thurlow was full as *black* as Lord Eldon. Others think the visit was nothing extraordinary, but in the plain and simple course of nature. —Some *rats* have lately made their appearance in the Parliament House, and a great many more are expected. The black *Tom Cat* who made his appearance there, is therefore presumed to be only an honest and good cat in search of vermin.

The Persian Cats.—It was lately noticed, that a lady of distinction had arrived in town from India with some Persian cats, the breed of which she proposes to propagate in this country.—The cats imported consisted of two females and a male, who unfortunately died since his importation, but whose loss has been well supplied by an animal, considered among naturalists a great curiosity, viz. a *tortoise-shell Tom*.—We are indebted to a valuable correspondent in Great Marlborough-street, for an account of the manner in which this happy family passed Twelfth Night. The elder Persian had lain-in about a fortnight before, and one of her little ones not having opened its eyes in due time, it is a literal fact that the lady of the house sent for an eminent surgeon, and had its eyes lanced. The whole feline family were entertained with a delicious supper, consisting of a whole fricassee, jellies, &c.; and this little one, which was, on account of its delicate state of health, the favourite, drew *Queen*, a circumstance so grateful to the fond mistress, that she immediately presented the nurse with a handsome shawl.—With a view to diversify the convivial party, Master *Prince*, a pretty little dog, was invited, and it fell to his lot to draw *King*, a circumstance which rather damped the hilarity of the entertainment.—It seems that one night, while the two Persian ladies were in the straw, *tortoise-shell Tom* was missing.—The mistress was in an agony of despair—her Persian Tom had died, her tortoise-shell Tom was now gone—what was to become of her future speculation?—for to consign these distinguished foreign beauties to the rude embrace of a vulgar English Tom cat, was a thought too barbarous for endurance!—The servants were immediately summoned, and assured that if *tortoise-shell Tom* was not found that night, they should next morning be turned off bag and baggage. Where to seek *tortoise-shell Tom* at two o'clock in the morning they knew not; and they had severally retired to their apartments to pack up their clothes, when their fears were dispelled by the bang of *tortoise-shell Tom* leaping from the skylight upon the attic floor.—*tortoise-shell Tom*, it seems, being a general admirer of the sex, or perhaps

haps fond of variety, had made an assignation on the house-top with one of his English beauties, and was now returning from performing his promise.—This little incident had doubly endeared him to his mistress, and so great was her disappointment at finding that little *Prince* drew king, and that the honour did not fall on *tortoise-shell Tom*, she immediately broke up the party, and retired to bed in low spirits.

At the late Special Commission at Clonmell, a witness being asked why he gave a lady a sum of money to compound a felony, thus answered:—" Because your friend (Mr. M'Nally) told me I would save myself a sound whipping—and I would rather be *hanged forty times, than whipped once.*"

The Scots Exciseman.—Some time ago, the Exciseman of a Scots village, having drank rather freely, fell asleep on his way home, and was found next morning, almost lifeless from cold, by some colliers going to their work, who, whether from motives of humanity, or to gratify a waggish disposition, we know not, carried him with them to the bottom of the pit, where, leaving him to his repose, they commenced their labour. After some time he awoke, utterly at a loss to discover where he was; but filled with horror at the darkness that surrounded him—the noise of the water running in every direction—and the glimmering of lights at a distance, by which he was enabled to discover, at intervals, figures that bore a resemblance to the human form; these were both male and female; and smoaking, as the colliers generally do, with very short pipes, there appeared, to the imagination of the terrified wight, to issue from their mouths and nostrils volumes of fire and smoke. In fact, he was seriously impressed with an idea that the Scots Song—" The Devil's flown away with the Exciseman," had been verified in his case, and that he had arrived in the Infernal Regions. On being asked by, as he supposed, one of the imps of his Satanic Majesty, what he was? he replied with great trepidation—" Oh! I was a gauger i' the ither warld, but I dinna ken what I'm to be in this."

During the late expeditions against different parts of the coast of Spain, a party of seamen had been trained for a day or two in military tactics, and no small number of admonitory precepts were bestowed upon them by a military officer, as to the necessity of obeying with promptitude the words of command. However, in the attack of a fort, the words " Incline to the right" having been given, the Jacks pushed on in the same direction as before, and appeared to care for nothing but the enemy in view, towards whom they were rushing with their usual dauntlessness. A naval Lieutenant, seeing the error, immediately rushed forward in front of the party, and bawled out, " Starboard, my boys!" an exhortation which was instantly attended to, with an *Aye, aye, Sir*, by the whole party.

A tradesman having complained to another, that he never applied to Lord ———, at the end of the year, for the amount of his bill, without being insulted; the latter observed, that there was no cause to complain of his Lordship's punctu-

punctuality, since whenever applied to for payment, the applicant was sure to receive a *check.*

A WRITING master in Islington, has contrived to carry off a young lady-scholar, with a fortune of £20,000. A few days before the elopement, he was asked by her guardian, "how Miss came on with her writing?" To which the Master drily replied, "Vastly well, Sir, for I shall soon put her into *joining-hand!*"

THE mayor of a certain great and respectable borough near Norwich, not half a century ago, summoned a full assembly of the corporation; and on its being met, he arose and said—"It has been a matter of much surprise to me, considering the length of time since the decease of Queen Anne, that the compliment should still be paid her memory of mentioning her name in all public deeds, &c.; and I wonder at it the more, as every gentleman must agree with me, that we never had a more gracious monarch than his present Majesty King George the Third; I have, therefore, called this assembly for the purpose of making a proposition, which, from the known loyalty of my worthy brethren, I doubt not will be unanimously approved of; namely, that in all deeds, charters, and public papers, belonging to and issued from the borough of ———, instead of the usual words *Anno* Domini, for the future shall be substituted the word *George* Domini"—which motion was lost by a majority of three.

WHEN Mr. Burke saw Lord Chancellor Thurlow weep in the course of one of the debates on the Regency Bill, in 1789, he applied the celebrated line,

"Drew iron tears down Pluto's cheek."

Mr. Burke attributed Lord Thurlow's tears more to an apprehension of the loss of power, than any other cause. The author of the following lines, however, attaches no such uncharitable motive to the tears of the present Lord Chancellor, upon a recent similar occasion, but piously and *classically* thus expresses himself—

Mark how his tears so copious flow,
  Oh, righteous Judge! how loyal this!
Yet do the drops not useless go,
  For—*Themor Ucri Theles Upis.*

Curious Case.—A strange occurrence took place in Dublin, a few nights before the Duchess of Gordon left that city. A certain *great man* and his lady invited her Grace to an entertainment, which invitation the Duchess most graciously accepted. Cooks, musicians, confectioners, were all put in requisition to give effect to the splendid scene. When the tables came to be laid out, it was recollected that, for its better *preservation,* the family plate had been some time before lodged at the sign of the Three Blue Balls!—To obtain it *legally* was impossible, and it was as *impossible* to do without it. In this dilemma the *great man*—for sometimes great men will do *little things*—determined to wait upon Mr. *Premium,* who received him with great politeness. The *great man* informed him who he was—"that he knew Lords, and Lords knew him"—that in consequence of the high situation he held in ———, he was obliged to entertain the Duchess before her departure—that he came to request the pleasure of his company, and the *loan* of

of his *own* plate for the night—that his coach should convey him and the deposit to his house, and carry them back after supper.—Highly flattered by the invitation, *Premium* could not doubt the word of the *great man*, but never liked to intrude himself into the company of his betters. The more he declined, the other pressed, declaring, an honest citizen was company for any *Duke* or *Duchess*.—Little *Premium* at length consented—the coach arrived—the plate was put in—and *Premium*, in a full suit of black, followed, and met the most gracious reception from the *great man's* lady, who conducted him through the rooms where the card-tables stood in battle array, and wax-lights blazed by dozens.—At a late hour the party broke up, and a sedan chair conveyed the bewildered *man of money* home, to dream of lovely women, sprightly glees, and "sparkling Champaigne," where we shall leave him.—As soon as all was quiet, some trusty servants were employed to deposit this self-same plate at the house of another *great man*, and particular friend of the host; but the guardians of the night stopped them, and finding what they were loaded with, took them into custody on suspicion.—In vain they pleaded their errand, which was considered a subterfuge—men of such rank as their employers could not want to hide their deeds by darkness—and to shew their vigilance, they lodged the plate in the *Mansion House* of another very *great man*, to whom the host was indebted to a very large amount; and who, on being informed of the circumstance, ordered a *detainer*, at his own suit, to be laid on the property which had so unexpectedly fallen into his hands; and it is now to be decided whether this new and unexpected possessor, or little *Premium*, is to have the property of the plate.

Law Intelligence Extraordinary.—A piece of *sharp practice* was played off one day last week on some gentlemen of the long robe:—A stripling in casting about for game, thought the gentlemen of the law would afford a novel field of action, upon whom few of his own profession had hitherto ventured to attempt any manœuvres, because not so easily *trapped* as the rest of mankind. He therefore resolved on the attempt; and having made out five fictitious cases for the consideration of counsel, and waited upon five of the *keenest* practitioners at the bar, severally and successively at their chambers, presented to each a case for an opinion, endorsed with a five guinea fee, and for the payment of which he tendered to each a 10l. or 15l. *sham* check on a banker, apologising for having no other paper to pay the fee. The clerks of the Learned Counsel in every case, except one, readily gave him the difference in Bank notes; and one gentleman in particular, eminently skilled in the *Laws*, not only gave him the change, but added his opinion at the foot of the case, "that it came within the statute of *frauds*, and a prosecution would lie against the party." A *junior barrister* was the only one who *demurred* upon the question of *change*; all the rest suffered their *judgments* to go by *default*, and their client *levied the fines*, but will never *suffer the recovery*. Application has been made to Bow-street for a *capias ad respondendum* against the party, or a writ of *fi. fa.* for the return of the change. But to this the defendant has put in a *dilatory plea*, and given *leg bail*.

BET-

BETTINGS AT TATTERSALL'S.

BETTINGS at Tattersall's, on Monday, the 25th instant.

THE 2000GS. STAKES.

9 to 2 agst Sister to Whalebone.
5 to 1 agst Jolter.
10 to 1 agst Sir C. Bunbury's colt, out of Amelia.

CLARET STAKES.

5 to 2 agst Treasurer.
3 to 1 against Perouette.
9 to 2 agst Oriana.
7 to 4 agst The Dandy.
10 to 1 agst Hephestion.
10 to 1 agst Crispin.

DERBY STAKES.

12 to 1 agst Sir J. Shelley's colt.

OAKS STAKES.

7 to 1 agst Sister to Whalebone.
8 to 1 agst Sir J. Shelley's filly, out of Houghton-Lass.
10 to 1 agst Sir F. Standish's Sister to Perouette.

OATLANDS STAKES.

1000 to 25 agst naming the winners of the three classes.

COURSING MEETING,

(Of which others are given in page 231.)

THE Louth Coursing Meeting closed on Saturday, the 16th instant, for the season.—The cup, value twenty-five guineas, was won by a bitch belonging to Mr. Wallis, of Wragby; and the silver couples were won by Mr. Thomas Grant's bitch, of Withcal, after extreme hard running, she having, in consequence of several courses being undecided, to run eight heats for them. The meeting was very respectably attended, and well conducted. There appeared in the field each day about 250 horsemen, besides a numerous assemblage on foot.—Excellent dinners, as usual, were provided at the three principal inns, of which on Tuesday the 12th, and Thursday the 14th, about fifty, and on Saturday the 16th, sixty-seven gentlemen partook, and spent very convivial evenings.—A great number of matches are made for the next meeting, which, we understand, will be held in the second week in November.

SPORTSMAN DECEASED.

ON Monday, February 18th, died, Peter Beckford, Esq. of Stepleton, Dorsetshire, aged 70.—This gentleman was not only a staunch fox-hunter, but likewise an excellent writer, as his letters on hunting (which have run through several editions), will shew. Mr. Beckford's hospitable residence, in Dorsetshire, was one of the most delightful in that country; and his establishment, particularly in the choice of hounds, horses, and other sporting animals, that of a true sportsman.

DOGHERTY *versus* WYATT, FOR CRIM. CON.

Court of King's Bench, Saturday, Feb. 13.

MR. Garrow stated this to be an action brought by Hugh Dogherty, Esq. against Philip Wyatt, Esq. for criminal conversation with the plaintiff's wife. In the course of the year 1801, the plaintiff, then a young man, a candidate for promotion in the army, in which he was a subaltern, was introduced to the parties of Mrs. Holmes, now

Mrs. Hunter, where he was always a welcome guest. He had the good, or, as it would now rather appear, the bad fortune, however, in addition, to attract the regards of Mr. and Mrs. Holmes's daughter, a young lady, then not more than fifteen years of age. Their mutual attachment being discovered, and not meeting the approbation of the father of the young lady, the plaintiff's visits were interdicted, and he was forbidden all access to Mr. Holmes's house. The effect produced on the young lady by this mandate was a temporary suspension of her mental faculties, which induced her father to place her, for a time, in such custody as her melancholy situation required. From this custody, however, she contrived to make her escape, into the arms of the plaintiff, impelled, as she expressed it, by "all-powerful, omnipotent love;" and, in November 1802, was married to the plaintiff, by proclamation of banns, in a parish church in the county of Essex. From this period, till May 1806, the plaintiff and his wife lived happy together, exhibiting a picture of more, even, than usual domestic happiness. The father and mother of Mrs. Dogherty, were within this period reconciled to the marriage, and the fruit of it was a fine boy, of whom the grandfather and grand-mother were particularly fond.

The defendant, Mr. Wyatt, who was a son of Mr. Wyatt, architect to the King, in the mean time became an intimate acquaintance with the plaintiff, and was received as an inmate into his family. The utmost appearance, and the most extravagant declarations of friendship, from the defendant to the plaintiff, were, during this period, exhibited; and, on one occasion, when the plaintiff, from some embarrassments under which he laboured, contemplated the necessity of going within the rules of the King's Bench, the observation of the defendant was, "We have seen you in your prosperity, and we will go with you to the place you propose, and will wait there till we see you out of your misfortunes." This occurrence took place in the month of May, 1806, while the plaintiff and his family resided at Laurel Lodge, in the road leading to Barnet. In the course of that month, the plaintiff's wife quitted her husband's house, and never since returned to it; and from this moment the plaintiff had experienced a system of persecution unexampled in the history of any proceeding in a court of justice, or of any proceeding in a civilised country. That the defendant, Wyatt, was a party, and principal actor, though behind the curtain, in these proceedings, there could be little doubt. Through his means, or, at least, through the means of Mrs. Dogherty's family, the plaintiff had, from time to time, been imprisoned or held to bail, on various pretexts, from that time down to the present moment. For a considerable period the defendant and the plaintiff's wife had been living openly together as man and wife; but if there was any thing for which, more than another, the plaintiff could esteem himself indebted to the defendant, it was in the opportunity afforded him that day of vindicating his character from the aspersions cast on it by the family of his wife, which aspersions being thrown out in the form of affidavits in support of articles of the peace, he was precluded the privilege of answering.

The brother of the plaintiff, (an Irish

rish barrister,) a gentleman of the name of Barrett, and a cloud of other witnesses, who had been spectators and eye-witnesses of the conduct of the plaintiff towards his wife, and of her conduct towards him from the day of their marriage to that of the wife's quitting his protection, proved that he had uniformly been not only a fond, but *too* kind a husband, and that she had seemed, till very lately before her leaving her husband's house, to be an equally affectionate wife.

The Attorney-General, for the defendant, argued that the plaintiff himself originally seduced the affections of his wife, while a child, from the parents of that child, and had little or no claim for compensation, on account of the affections of this wife, whom he had so obtained, having been seduced from him.

Lord Ellenborough held, however, that the moment Miss Holmes became the wife of the plaintiff, he was entitled to regard her as such, and that his property in her as her husband should not be trespassed on with impunity.

The Jury, after retiring for some time, found a verdict for the plaintiff—Damages 1000l.

TANDEM DRIVING.

ON Thursday, January the 31st, a case was tried at Colerain, in Ireland, before the Sub-Sheriff of the county of Derry, upon a Writ of Inquiry, wherein W. M'Collum was plaintiff, and F. W. Brown, Esq. who is a Captain of Dragoons, defendant, and who, returning from an excursion to the Causeway, with others, drove a tandem-race most furiously through the town of Colerain, on a market-day.—The plaintiff is a pensioner, and from a disease in his eyes was discharged, and has since earned a subsistence by selling fish in the market; on the defendant's passing him, he gave him a violent blow with the lash of his whip across the face and eyes, which excited excruciating torture and effusion of blood. The damages were laid at 100l. which the Jury found, for the plaintiff, with costs.

PIGEON-SHOOTING.

THREE matches were shot on Monday, the 11th instant, between the gentlemen of Watford and Rickmersworth, Herts; the parties met by permission of the owner, in Ozey Park, the property of Mr. Snoxall, who shewed true English hospitality, by treating the parties to cold meats, bread, cheese, and good old beer. Three matches were decided; and one, between Colonel Capel and a Mr. Thompson, left undecided for want of pigeons.—The shooters afterwards repaired to an excellent dinner, at the Essex Arms, Watford, where some of the first characters in the county assembled, and amongst them, the Earl of Clarendon, Sir John Sebright, the Hon. Mr. Capel, Mr. Paxton, the Rev. Mr. Vivian, Mr. Ripley, Mr. Salter: in all about seventy. After dinner a number of appropriate toasts were given by the Chairman (Earl Clarendon), whose health being drunk with much applause, his Lordship expressed himself highly gratified, and proposed that the meeting might be made annual, which was carried unanimously. The party broke up about twelve, highly delighted with the entertainments of the day.

SPORTING INTELLIGENCE.

THE Easingwold Subscription Hounds, Yorkshire, (in the absence of old Carter and his Fox-hounds), at the desire of George Dowker, Esq. had two days hunting and uncommon good sport lately, at Oswaldkirk, for the amusement of a respectable Yeomanry, in that rich and beautiful valley and neighbourhood.

MR. Fox's hounds had, on Wednesday, the 20th instant, the most brilliant runs (from Hazlewood,) ever remembered by any of the members in the Bramham Hunt.

THE Warwickshire Hunt, comprising the whole of that extensive and beautiful country, hunted for many years past, with so much honour to himself and satisfaction to his friends, by John Corbet, Esq. has been taken by Lord Middleton, who has purchased the hounds. His Lordship, who has one of the best studs in England, has lately joined the hunt; they have already had some very good runs, and from his Lordship's profound knowledge of hunting, and his great partiality for the chase, our sporting friends may anticipate a delightful succession of their favourite diversion.

LATELY, as a sporting rector in Warwickshire was hunting with a pack of hariers, they started a fox, when another divine said he would be d—d if they would not kill it; on which the rector rejoined, "if they did, he would be d—d if he would not eat it. After a famous chase they did kill the fox, and in a few days he had it roasted, to make his words good, and invited a jolly party to dinner, whom he treated with some famous old port.

Dover, Feb. 22.—On Thursday, the 21st instant, at Waldeshire, near Walmer, a very famous horse-race took place; the spectators comprised nearly the whole of Dover and its vicinity, including most of the naval and military gentlemen on duty there. The match was for one hundred guineas, which was to be spent for a dinner. The bets were between Mr. Thomsett's bay horse and a grey horse of Mr. Leith's, of Walmer. It was finely contested. The distance of four miles was run in ten minutes.—Hawkins, a jockey, rode Mr. Thomsett's horse. Mr. Leith rode his own, and won the race; but unfortunately not being skilled in the art of jockeyship, he alighted before he reached the scale, and thereby forfeited his stake: Mr. Thomsett refused to take advantage of his error; but those who had backed him and betted on his horse played another game, and insisted on their bets.

ON Friday, the 22d instant, a long-depending trotting match took place between Hampton Court and Kingston, Surrey, distance one mile, for fifty guineas, between Mr. Goldsmith's famous trotter, and Mr. Clifton's, of Ham-common, which was won by the former by nearly a quarter of a mile.

A LET-

A LETTER.—*Mr. Editor*—— Should you deem the following curious circumstance worthy of insertion, it is perfectly at your service, and you may depend upon the truth of it.

As James Deering, Esq. and myself, were shooting in his grounds, in Yorkshire, we observed a large bird in the air, at some distance, which, when we approached, we discovered to be a hawk. With some trouble we contrived to shoot it, and upon examination, the craw was found to contain, in addition to numerous bones of small birds, a large piece of blue cloth, in which were sewed up, two guinea pieces, a seven-shilling piece, and two sixpences. From whence it came, and by what means the bird became possessed of it, are considerations which have involved the neighbourhood in wonder and amazement.—Yours, &c. C. D.

Jan. 31, 1811.

MR. Buxton, the leader of the charioteers, arrived on Monday, the 18th instant, at his house in Mortimer-street, from Weymouth, for the season, and is now amusing himself by buying in horses, ordering new carriages, harness, &c. for his numerous friends—they relying, on his judgment; and well they may, as his skill and taste are unequalled, and to him are we indebted for the late improvements in carriages and harness.

A GENTLEMAN near Warwick, who keeps only one dog, merely for the purpose of a house dog, returned it as such, to the Surveyor of Taxes. That return was objected to, because, it was insisted, the dog being of the spaniel kind, is liable to the same duty as a sporting dog. The gentleman remonstrated, stating that the dog is not, in his opinion, a true sporting spaniel, but a common mongrel, and therefore does not come within even the letter of the Act of Parliament—and, at all events, not being trained nor ever used for the purposes of sporting, most certainly it does not fall within the spirit of that act. The remonstrance was, however, unavailing; and notice of an appeal was given. The case was heard before the Commissioners at Wellesbourne, this month; when, without a moment's hesitation, it was decided against the Surveyor, even upon his own statement alone. The chairman, B. Dewes, Esq. laid down the law of the case; he said, that the intention of the Legislature in this Act most evidently was to impose a higher rate of duty on *sporting* than on *common* dogs—that the distinction contemplated in it referred not so much to the precise breed of dogs, as to the uses for which they are employed—that any dog whatever, if used for the purpose of sporting, must be charged at the higher rate of duty—and that all dogs employed, bona fide, merely for the purpose of a house, or a yard-dog, without at all regarding the particular species, are liable only to the lower rate of duty.

COURT OF KING'S BENCH, FEB. 19.

Satchwell v. *Bingham*.—This was an action to recover damages for stabbing the plaintiff's dog; to which the defendant had pleaded, that the plaintiff's dog was at large and unmuzzled, and that it attacked his dog, and to save the life of his own dog, he stabbed the plaintiff's dog.

Mr. Jekyll having stated the case, it was proved in evidence as follows:

follows:—The plaintiff is page to the Prince Regent, and lives at Five Fields, Chelsea; his wife has the washing of the linen of Carlton House, and the dog in question was a fine large Newfoundland dog, described to be a dog of the best temper and manner, and particularly useful to his master, as a watch for the linen. On the morning of his death he went out with Sarah Lock, the maid, when the defendant, who lived next door but one, came up to her, and said he would stab their dog; she did not much attend to him, but she saw him draw a bayonet from under his coat, and stab the dog twice. He then wiped the bayonet, and ran into his father's house. At that time the dog was not attacking the defendant's dog, but the two dogs were snarling at each other. This was corroborated by another witness, who was passing by, and a third stated that the defendant had told him a fortnight before that he would stab the plaintiff's dog with his bayonet. The defendant was a member of the St. James's corps of Volunteers.

For the defendant, three witnesses were called, who stated that the dogs were quarrelling, and that the plaintiff's dog had thrown the other under him, and held him by the throat.

Lord Ellenborough, in summing up, spoke of the conduct of the defendant with great indignation.—He trusted, that when the circumstances of this case were public, the Corps to which he belonged would take from him the bayonet which he was unworthy to wear.—A man who could so conduct himself, ought not to be trusted with a weapon, or suffered to associate with brave men, either Regulars or Volunteers.—Little could be expected from the weapon in the hands of such a man against the enemies of the country, who could so basely, cruelly, and wantonly attack an inoffensive animal. He hoped his comrades in arms would think him unworthy the honour of bearing arms in their society. With respect to the damages, he advised the Jury to give the full value of the animal, taking into consideration its use to the owner, but not to be excessive in that estimate.—Verdict for the plaintiff—damages 21l.

Boxing.—A most sanguinary battle for one hundred guineas, and a subscription purse of twenty, in imitation of the London amateurs, was fought on Monday, January the 28th, in the presence of an immense concourse of spectators, at Hazeley Common, Hants, between an Oxfordshire man, of the name of Woodcock, and a professional bruiser of fame in the county of Somerset, of the name of Tring, who was backed by the amateur Captain Hicks. In the first round, which lasted four minutes, Tring was knocked down, after a dreadful conflict, and the two subsequent rounds were courageously maintained, with reciprocal advantage. In the fourth round, both combatants were blind, and they fought in that state twenty minutes, when Tring got a broken jaw, and was beat nearly lifeless. It was strength opposed science, and the former prevailed. A bull-bait and a back-sword match followed the battle.

On Thursday morning, Feb. the 16th, a battle took place about eight o'clock, in the Five Fields, Chelsea, between two shoemakers, of fighting celebrity, named Thompson

son and Whitworth, who reside at Seven Dials, for five guineas a side. The ground was picked out, a ring was made, and they set to, and after forty minutes hard fighting, there being twenty rounds in the whole, Whitworth beat his man, and bore off with the prize in triumph. They were both shockingly bruised, and were conveyed home by their friends.

On Thursday, the 21st instant, a pitched battle was fought for five guineas a side, between a tailor and a japanner, in a field near Primrose-hill; they set to with seeming determination and courage, when bets were seven to four against the knight of the thimble, but after the third round he became the favourite, when bets were three to two in his favour, repeatedly knocking down his antagonist. The contest lasted an hour and forty minutes, when victory was declared in favour of the tailor, his antagonist being so weak as not to be able to stand. Both of them were almost blinded and very much beaten; they were conveyed home in coaches by their respective friends: a great deal of money was won upon the issue. If the old observation is correct that "a tailor is but the *ninth-part of a man*," the victor, on the present occasion, has proved himself the first champion of the age as a pugilist.

The beginning of this month, a sportsman going down the Manningtree river, (Essex) in search of wild fowl, but not meeting with the success he expected,, returned in a keel boat. Opposite Mistley-hall, some land sportsmen sprung a covey of birds, which being frightened at their discharge, they endeavoured to take refuge by crossing the river; the wind being on the opposite shore, and the tide being high, the bird that led the van dropped, and the remaining part of the covey alighted in the water, to the no small satisfaction of the water sportsman, who picked up the greater part of the covey, without being subject to the penal laws of the Sporting Calendar.

A short time since, a servant of Mr. Cooke, of Cotton, was leading a spirited mare from the blacksmith's shop, with the halter *tied round his wrist*: when his foot slipping, the animal started, and dragged the unfortunate man along the ground, by which he was so dreadfully bruised as to occasion his instant death.

A Mr. Haymes ran six miles on Wednesday, February 6th, at Ashford, at four starts, in the short space of an hour, for a bet of fifty guineas. He did two miles in eleven minutes, at the first start.

At Hereford adjourned Sessions, Richard Bridgewaters, a poacher, of Leominster, received his sentence, as a rogue and vagabond, which was, that he be imprisoned six months, publicly whipped, and then sent to serve in his Majesty's navy.

James Whitmarsh, charged with having come into the West Walk in Cranborne Chase, on the 30th of December, with the intent to kill deer, and then and there beating and wounding James Stubbs, one of the keepers, in the execution of his office, and rescuing another person then in his custody, has been committed to Dorchester Castle.

At

At the General Quarter Sessions of the Peace for Staffordshire, John Whitman and Isaac Weston were sentenced each to be imprisoned six months: Whitman to be publicly whipped at Penkridge, and Weston to be sent to sea. These men were apprehended a short time since, between eleven and twelve o'clock at night, by the game-keepers of Sir Edward Lyttleton, Bart. in Newland's Wood, near Penkridge, and had in their possession a very curious air-gun, with which they had been shooting; an air-pump, with apparatus complete; and five pheasants, recently killed.

On Saturday the 12th ult. Abraham Durrant, overseer and constable of the parish of Holton, and William Mens, overseer of Higham, and constable of the parish of Stratford St. Mary, were convicted in the penalty of five pounds each, for using nets and dogs for destroying game upon the lands of Sir William Beaumaurice Rush, in the parish of Raydon, Suffolk.

On the 11th instant, W. Wood, Edward Vale, Charles Poulter, James Saitch, and Joseph Threadder, were committed to Chelmsford gaol by John Popplewell, Esq. being convicted before him, with unlawfully taking and carrying away, from the forest of Waltham, a fallow deer, and ordered to be detained six months each, for the said offence.

On Saturday the 2d instant, Mr. John Marriott, of Adwick-le-street, was convicted at the Town-Hall, Doncaster, before Bryan Cooke and William Wrightson, Esqrs. magistrates of the West-Riding, in the penalty of five pounds, for coursing without a qualification, and the further penalty of twenty pounds for coursing without having taken out a game certificate. For Mr. Marriott it was unsuccessfully contended, that he was coursing with, and therefore protected by, the qualification and certificate of a qualified person.

On Saturday, the 16th instant, as J. Kedward, Esq. of Westhide, Herefordshire, was returning home from Tarrington, between the hours of twelve and one o'clock, when opposite the Shrubbery, near Stoke's Court, in the turnpike-road, he heard some dogs, and immediately a hare they were pursuing ran into a purse net laid in the fence, and became entangled; he got off his horse, and rescued the animal; when three men in waggoner's frocks directly advanced, knocked him down, and on his attempting to rise, repeated their blows, leaving him senseless in the road.

A French paper of last month states the following melancholy occurrence. The wife of M. Lafosse, resident at Villenéuve d'Agen, imprudently playing with a fowling-piece in her husband's chamber, let it fall out of her hand, when it went off, and inflicted a mortal wound. The husband, alarmed by the report, first entered the chamber, and beholding his wife, to whom he had not been united more than ten months, and who was far advanced in pregnancy, in the agonies of death, stabbed himself with a knife, and expired in her arms.

ERRATUM.--In the article inserted in our last Number, entitled "Pedigree and Performances of Baronet," in the second line, for "foaled in 1715," *read*, "foaled in 1785."

POETRY.

POETRY.

THE HIGH COURT OF DIANA.

SONGS,

FROM THE NEW OPERA OF THE PEASANT BOY.

(Sung by Mr. Smith, in the Character of an Invalid Soldier).

HERE'S a health to the duke, and his gallant Knights all!
Whether tilting in field, whether feasting in hall;
While they live may the laurel engarland their brows,
When they die, spread a fence round their tomb with its boughs!

Here's a health to the dames and the damsels who pray
For lords and for lovers in war far a-way—
May the willows they twine in their winter-fires burn,
And myrtles be worn for each warrior's return!

For my prince and my country, I've fought and I've bled,—
Spare one green leaf of honour, to deck a white head!
Lest it shrink from a forehead, so frosty as mine,
I'll drink deep, and borrow new fires from the vine!

(Sung by Mrs. Bland, as Marinetta).

IN life's fresh May, the Peasant-Boy,
Heart-weary of plough and tillage,
Springs from his toil with eager joy,
When soldiers march through the village—
Bold captains come—flags flaunting high,
In gay gallant trim appearing—
"Who'll list?—Who'll list?"—the sweet fifes cry—
"Who'll venture volunteering!"

The Peasant-Boy resolves to roam,
Disdainful of rustic labours—
"Farewell!" he cries, "my simple home,
"Farewell! old friends and neighbours."
"Ah! beat the drum—ah! blow the fife!
"Hail! jocund, jovial, joyous life!"
"The life of all lives is a soldier's."

Some battles lost—some battles won—
As fortune frown'd or befriended,
Then foes shake hands—the wars are done!
The soldier's race hath ended!
Time-chang'd, the wanderer homeward turns,
Youth's rose on his cheek hath faded—
Life's first mad blood no longer burns—
Grey hairs his forehead have shaded!—
Still, blythe and lusty lasts his age,
Old scenes fresh pleasures bringing—
And whilst he broods o'er mem'ry's page,
The veteran oft is heard singing,
"Ah! beat the drum—ah! blow the fife—
"Hail! jocund, jovial, joyous life!
"The life of all lives is a soldier's!"

DUET—*(Mr. Phillips and Miss Duncan, as Hyppolito and Olympia).*

OLYMPIA.

COME away! merry maids, and blythe cavaliers all!
Come away! with a shout at your liege-lady's call—
Wherever ye scatter, for pleasure or prey,
At the cry of 'La Leup,' gather round and away!

HYPPOLITO.

Come away! whilst the morning be yet in its prime,
Dashing dew from pale myrtles, and beds of wild thyme—
Under roofs quaintly arch'd, by the blossoming spray,
At the cry of "La Leup!" gather round and away!

Falconers enter from different points and surround Olympia.

FALCONER.

La Leup! La Leup!
Our Falcons stoop,
They wist the shrill call and obey;—
Lead, lady! lead,
O'er rock—o'er mead—
Cry, merry 'La Leup!' and away!

Olympia and Hyppolito.

From the dingle, the glade, and the dell,
From cool bower where wood-fairies dwell,
Down the brake, where the green lizard glides—
By the den where the sleeping wolf hides—
'Midst the plash of the water-fall's bed—
Near the cross at the murder'd man's head—
Thro' the wood's hundred paths as ye stray,
At the cry of 'La Leup!' come away.

FALCONER.

La Leup! La Leup! lead away!

OLYMPIA.

La Leup! La Leup! come away!

(Sung by Mr. Lovegrove, as Ludovico).

A story there runs, of a marvellous well,
Near fair Florence city, (so travellers tell)
To St. Agnes devoted,
And very much noted,
For mystical charms in its waters that dwell.
With all new-married couples—the story thus goes,
Whichever drinks first of the spring there that flows,
Be it husband or wife,
That one shall for life,
On the other a yoke of subjection impose.

Young Claude, led Claudine, to the church as his bride,
And wedlock's hard knot in a twinkling was tied,
But the clerk's nasal twang,
'Amen!' scarce had rang,
When the bridegroom elop'd from his good woman's side.
Away, like a hare from the hounds, started he—
Till reaching the well—dropping plump on his knee,
'Dear St. Agnes!' he cried,
'Let me drink of thy tide,
'And the right to the breeches establish in me.'

He quaff'd till nigh bursting—again turn'd to quaff,
'Till the bride in pursuit, reach'd his side with a laugh—
Lifting briskly his head,
To the lady he said,
'I'm first at the well, Spouse!—so bow to the staff!'
The dame to her hubby, replied with a sneer—
'That you're first at the well after marriage is clear—
'But to save such a task,
'I fill'd a small flask,
'And took it to church in my pocket, my dear!'

THE HOAX

LATELY PRACTISED IN LONDON.

Epistle from Solomon Sappy, Esquire, in London, to his brother Simon at Liverpool.

"HERE, John, bring my pen, for my whimsical muse
Invites me to send brother Simon the news!"
These were, my dear brother, the first words I uttered,
Having swallowed my tea and three muffins well buttered,
John did as I bade him, then, bowing, retired
(John's as civil a footman as ever was hired).
And now I'll endeavour to tell you, in rhyme,
A joke which the *kiddies* call "*bang* up and *prime*."
A stiff-starch'd, precise, economical dame,
Who in Berner's-street lives, *Mrs. Tottenham* by name,
Had offended, it seems, some mirth-loving folks,

Who

Who resolved to be amply revenged by a *hoax.*
Invitations and orders were sent in her name,
(In truth, I must own, 'twas a scandalous shame)
To milliners, wine-merchants, lawyers, musicians,
Oculists, coal-merchants, barbers, opticians,
Men of fashion, men-cooks, surgeons, sweeps, undertakers,
Confectioners, fishmongers, innkeepers, bakers,
Men-midwives—the man who exhibits a bear,
And, O worse than all! to his *lordship the Mayor.*
All were earnestly begged to be at her door,
Precisely at *two*, or a little before.
The surgeons first, arm'd with catheters, arrive,
And impatiently ask, is the patient alive?
The man-servant stares—and ten midwives appear,
"Pray, Sir, does the lady in labour live here?"
"Here's a shell," cries a man, "for the lady that's dead,
"My master's behind with the coffin of lead."
Next a waggon, with furniture loaded approaches,
Then a hearse all be-plumed and six mourning coaches,
Six baskets of groceries—sugars, teas, figs;
Ten drays full of beer—twenty boxes of wigs.
Fifty hampers of wine, twenty dozen French rolls,
Fifteen huge waggon-loads of best Newcastle coals:—
But the best of the joke was to see the fine coach
Of his worship the mayor, all bedizzen'd, approach;
As it pass'd up the street the mob shouted aloud,
His lordship was pleas'd, and most affably bow'd,
Supposing, poor man, he was *cheered* by the crowd;
Still he could not imagine the cause of the roar
When his gold-bedeck'd footman knock'd fierce at the door;
At length he found out he was duped by a *hoax*,
And his lordship, it seems, is no friend to such jokes;
For he lustily swore "he'd to punishment bring
The rogues who had thus broke the peace of the king."
In sooth 'twas a shame (notwithstanding 'twas witty)
To make such a fool of *the lord of the city*,
And exactly the converse of that civic rule,
Which frequently makes a lord mayor of a fool.
Away drove his lordship, by thousands attended,
The people dispersed, and thus the *hoax* ended.
Mistress Tottenham, poor lady, tho' frighten'd to fits,
Slept soundly at night and recover'd her wits.
My dear brother, adieu, may you live long and happy.
Your true and affectionate

SOLOMON SAPPY.

LINES,

On a Gentleman's converting his Stable into a Kitchen.

BEHOLD, the wonder of admiring eyes!
Where once a stable stood, a kitchen rise;
The manger chang'd by magic to a grate,
Now smokes the sir-loin, where old Dobbin ate;
And where Grimalkin once demurely purr'd,
The buzzing flyer of a jack is heard;
Where bow'd the rack beneath its load of hay,
Shelves, pil'd on shelves, the earthenware display;
Where neigh'd the poney, amidst toil and troubles,
The cook-maid sweats, fires burn, and cauldron bubbles;
A clock proclaims the hours of day and night,
Where once the lanthorn shed its gloomy light;
Long rows of dressers hold the place of stalls,
And pans adorn, where harness grac'd the walls;
The binn which held the treasures of the stable
Rises (so will the fates) a kitchen-table;
Forks, turn'd to spits, transfix the cackling race;
And curry-combs to gridirons give place.

Of

Of dangling boots, the pride of John the groom,
Bags of sweet-scented herbs usurp the room.

Where urine flow'd in many a copious stream,
Soup a la Reine emits a fragrant steam;
And (what is now by time and chance decreed)
Ragouts of sweet-breads filthy dung succeed;
From the same spot, where oats were dainty picking,
Comes forth to view a fricassee of chicken.
Not Ovid's self, where most his fancy ranges,
Can boast so great, so many, wond'rous changes;
On these, each day, debate the rustic folks,
And e'en the country-curate cracks his jokes.
O, may he live! though plagu'd by saints and sinners,
To chaunt the praises of the patron's dinners.

CLERICUS.

THE ELEGANT FAIR ONE;

A Parody on the high-mettled Racer.

SEE the ball-room thick crowded, the dance is begun,
Hear thro' the bright circle what soft murmurs run;
An hundred gay characters float in the maze,
Lords, gamblers, fine ladies, all keep up the gaze;
While with neck like a swan, and with high-beating breast,
With waist nicely taper'd, and form'd to be prest;
Scarcely touching the floor, full of frolic and game,
The elegant fair-one first challenges fame.

Now the park's thickly throng'd, the gay equipage see,
The delicate hunter, gilt coach, *vis-a-vis*;
Each grace, and each charm, every party displays,
And fashion peeps forth in a thousand fine ways;
While alike fitly bred for a ball-room or course,
The phaeton to drive, or to curb the fleet horse;
By this time fair virtue's an obsolete word,
And the elegant fair-one's a miss to a lord.

Grown stale, somewhat ag'd, and unfit for my lord,
Devoid of all passion, her appetites cloy'd;
While beaus and box-loungers her pedigree trace,
Tell where she has been from the groom to his grace;
And what style she has liv'd in with pleasure count o'er,
As they loiter their time at some bagnio door;
While with poverty sunk, and diseases worn down,
The elegant fair-one's a girl of the town.

At length from St. James's to St. Giles's she's stray'd;
Her blood all polluted, her system decay'd;
On straw, at some bunter's she gives up her breath,
Or in some filthy kennel's arrested by death:
Who so lately each pomp and each gaiety knew,
Is now left a horrible sight to the view;
Her relicks a pitying crowd now behold,
And the elegant fair-one to a surgeon is sold.

C. R.

ON A PARROT,

THROWN INTO A ———.

HERE lie interr'd
The remains of a bird,
Who was kill'd by all-conq'ring fate;
Whose master took care
To teach him to swear,
As his mistress had taught him to prate.

If objections be made
To the place where he's laid;
Poor Betty is only in fault;
For Betty, to save
The expence of a grave,
Laid him safe in the family vault.

To adorn his sad tomb,
For ages to come,
His mistress, still kinder and kinder,
Declar'd with a tear,
That she ne'er would come near,
But she'd always leave something behind her.